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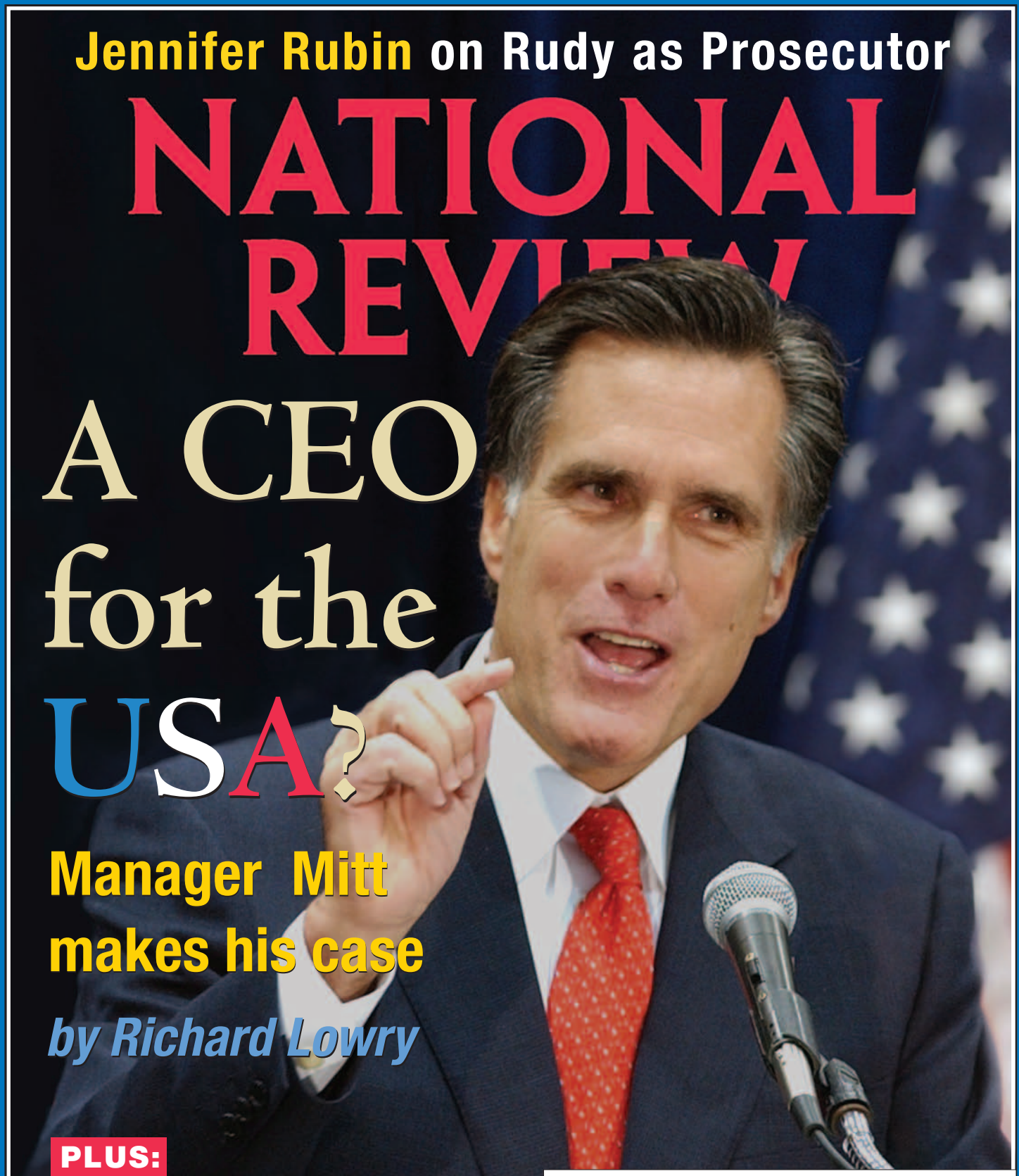
Jennifer Rubin on Rudy as Prosecutor

NATIONAL REVIEW



A CEO for the USA?

Manager Mitt makes his case

by Richard Lowry

PLUS:

Richard John Neuhaus on Americanism

James W. Ceaser on anti-Americanism

Mark Riebling on E. Howard Hunt

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 30, 2007 VOL. LIX, NO. 7

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■ COVER STORY

A CEO for the USA?

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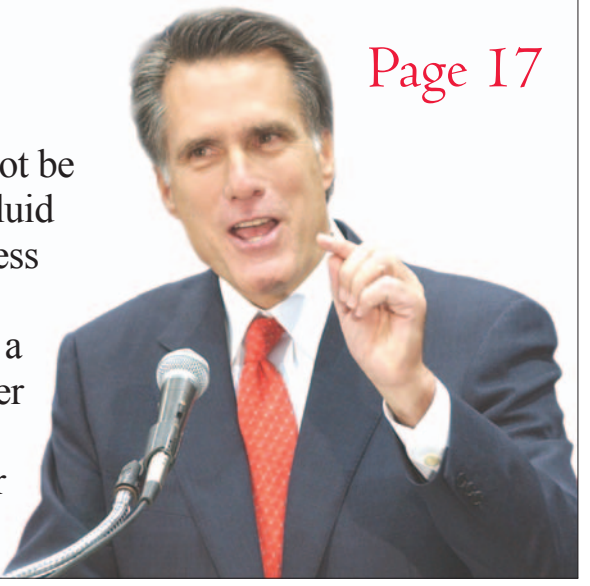
It is impossible to be around Mitt Romney and not be impressed—by his obvious intelligence, by his fluid speaking style, by his accomplishments in business and government, by his appearance. The former venture capitalist and Massachusetts governor is a technically proficient candidate, a good fundraiser and organizer who makes a winning impression on the stump. And yet, one still wonders whether voters will buy him. *By Richard Lowry*



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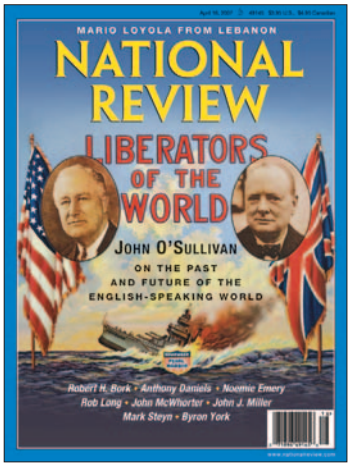
letters to the editor

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL

In "Ask, Tell, Whatever?" (April 16), Mackubin Thomas Owens says that there are reasons to keep homosexuals out of the army: "Chief among the good reasons remains military effectiveness."

Israel, which has an effective army, has drafted homosexuals since Day One of its existence. The United States doesn't have a draft and doesn't seem likely to reinstate conscription. The military needs all the capable people it can get, whether or not one asks or tells.

George Jochnowitz
New York, N.Y.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ON THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD
Robert H. Bork • Anthony Daniels • Noemie Emery
Rob Long • John McWhorter • John J. Miller
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COVERING THE WAR

I found the cover illustration of your April 16 issue, showing a fanciful rendering of the Japanese battleship *Haruna* being sunk, to be a fitting analogue to our present fight. The *Haruna*, like our enemies of today, was a tremendously slippery foe. She was attacked repeatedly throughout the Pacific War. Though on numerous occasions the Allies claimed to have put her out of business, she managed to keep rematerializing to fight us. Sound familiar?

Instead of just throwing up our hands and learning to live with our antagonists in the Second World War, we pursued them with unrelenting tenacity, and were willing to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender. And though it took us nearly the entire war to do so, we did ultimately manage to send the *Haruna* to the bottom. Shortly thereafter, we achieved something that far too many people today don't think is possible, or even desirable: complete, total victory.

Glenn Hoge
Ellicott City, Md.

TOBACCO JUBILEE

A splendid reminiscence by John Derbyshire ("Keep Hope Alight!" April 16). As one soon to reach his 50th year of smoking cigarettes (God willing), I wouldn't recommend the habit to my children or grandchildren, just as I wouldn't steer them toward drag racing, free-fall parachuting, or running with the bulls at Pamplona. But for those addicted to such pursuits, as Derb suggests, there are indeed compensations.

Paul Gleeson
Erwyn, Ill.

LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Anent your mention of mismanagement by Louisiana's "levy boards" prior to Hurricane Katrina ("The Week," April 16):

A tax "levy" results from what politicians do. A collapsed "levee" results from what they fail to do. Either way, the public gets hosed.

John S. White Jr.
Baton Rouge, La.

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Upwardly Mobile

Thanks to subprime loans, millions of families across America are enjoying the benefits of homeownership.

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THE WEEK

■ We have one more divorce among Republican presidential candidates: The media have abandoned John McCain.

■ John Connally raised $11 million, then a huge sum, for his presidential run in 1980, and won only one Republican delegate. (NR senior editor Jeffrey Hart joked that he would have voted for Connally for half that.) So money isn't everything in politics; message and luck also pay their dues. But the money primary is interesting to watch, quite apart from what the candidates do with their gains. The first quarter of 2007 gave two ominous messages. One was to Hillary Clinton, who, despite being wife of Bill, first woman, and holder of a million chits, could not out-raise Barack Obama. Worse, Obama tapped 100,000 donors to Clinton's 50,000. Fresh trumps old, black trumps female, and anti-war trumps even pro-war votes that have been repudiated. The other ominous message was for the GOP. Giving to Democratic hopefuls topped $70 million, while the Republicans hovered at $54 million. Tsunami time, gentlemen.

■ Senator Obama predicted that, following a veto of the supplemental Iraq spending bill that includes the Democrats' troop-withdrawal deadlines, his colleagues would pass a bill without the deadlines. "I think that nobody wants to play chicken with our troops on the ground," he explained. He is wrong. The Democratic majority is determined to extract policy concessions from President Bush—and the time it is wasting with this game of chicken is taking a toll on the troops. Military leaders have notified Congress that they have already had to redirect funds from procurement to force protection, and that they anticipate "increasingly draconian measures" if the bill is further delayed. Congress had no immediate response to the generals' urgent pleas because the Senate and House were on vacation. It is becoming ever clearer what the Democrats mean by "supporting the troops."

■ Senator McCain went to Iraq as part of his campaign to support the surge—a bold strategy, tying his prospects to the war's. The hit pull-quote from his trip came from fellow-traveler Rep. Mike Pence (R., Ind.), who said that a market they visited in Baghdad was "like a normal outdoor market in Indiana in the summer time." Sorry to hear your state is so hellish, congressman. McCain himself was appropriately sober. "I am not saying 'Mission Accomplished.' . . . It's a very difficult task ahead of us." But he was also soberly optimistic. "For the first time since 2003," he wrote in a *Washington Post* op-ed, "we have the right strategy. In [General] Petraeus, we have a military professional who literally wrote the book on fighting this kind of war. And we will have the right mix and number of forces." McCain also respectfully criticized the media for "devot[ing] far more attention to car bombs. . . . I am not saying that bad news should not be reported. . . . But news coverage should also include evidence of progress." The media, noting his remarks, have let him have it. The one-time press darling has become a goat ("Brainwashed McCain is a straight-talker no more," said the *Statesman Journal* of Salem, Ore.). They liked him when he bashed Jerry Falwell, not Al-Qaeda in Mesopotamia. McCain knows how to take it; he will be taking it in a good cause.

See page 12

ROMAN GENN

■ The Iraqi police force in the lethal Sunni stronghold of Anbar Province has 4,500 recruits, compared with 100 a year ago. Sunni sheiks who tolerated or actively supported the insurgency have swung against Al-Qaeda in Mesopotamia, thanks partly to active courtship by former U.S. ambassador Zalmay Khalilzad and General Petraeus,

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IS THIS WHERE YOUR TEEN GOES TO GET HIGH?

A growing danger among teens today is the intentional abuse of prescription drugs and over-the-counter cough and cold medicines to get high.

One cause of the problem is how easily teens can find them. These drugs are most likely already in your own home. Over half of teens who abuse prescription painkillers report they get them for free from the homes of family or friends, or they take them from family or friends without asking.[1]

Most frightening, however, is that teens often don't recognize the dangers of prescription and over-the-counter drug abuse; they don't see it to be as harmful as illicit drug use. After all, these drugs are approved for medical use. But when taken without medical supervision, intentionally abused, or mixed with other drugs or alcohol, prescription medicines can be dangerous. Teens who decide to abuse prescription drugs run the risk of addiction, strokes, seizures, comas, and even death.

Unfortunately, it's a growing trend. Teens are turning away from using street drugs to prescription medications to get high. New users of prescription drugs are actually catching up with new users of marijuana.[2]

The first step for parents is to recognize the potential risks and consequences of prescription drug abuse, and to help teens understand them as well. Learn the signs, symptoms, and tips on how to talk to your teens about prescription drug abuse. **Educate yourself to protect your teens; visit www.TheAntiDrug.com or call 1-800-788-2800.**

Overall, teen use of street drugs is down. That's great; that means you've been doing your job. Now it's time to make sure that you stay updated on this latest threat to your teens' health and safety.

Signed,

American Academy of Pediatrics
American College of Emergency Physicians
American Medical Association
American Pharmacists Association
American Society of Addiction Medicine
Association for Medical Education and Research in Substance Abuse (AMERSA)
National Association of Chain Drug Stores
National Association of School Nurses
National Council on Patient Information and Education
Partnership for a Drug-Free America
U.S. Department of Health and Human Services
National Institute on Drug Abuse
Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration
U.S. Food and Drug Administration

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1 SAMHSA, Office of Applied Studies, National Survey on Drug Use and Health, 2005
2 Ibid

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THE WEEK...

partly to the nature of guerrilla warfare itself: If the government does not lose its head, guerrillas necessarily cause the greater amount of civilian carnage, thus turning the people on whom they depend for sustenance against them. Al-Qaeda has responded to this alarming trend by stepping up its attacks on civilians, employing chlorine gas (N.B.: a WMD). Which should turn even more sheiks and their followers off. This is a positive sign.

■ Don Imus is a beetle-browed radio yukster with highbrow pretensions: He interviews politicians, and even plugged a good book once (*Whittaker Chambers*, by Sam Tanenhaus). But, like a new fortune in a Victorian novel, the superstructure rests on a foundation of silt. He amazingly chose to mock the women's basketball team at Rutgers as "nappy-headed hos." NOW and the NAACP denounced him, rightly for once, as did Al Sharpton (who is never right, even when he is). CBS and MSNBC have made him stand in the corner for two weeks. All very canting, and all very free-market, which lets cant play so long as it can pay. And who will now ask a moment of silence of the rappers who call young black women lacking the shield of athletic celebrity "hos" day in, day out?

DOWD: CHARLES DHARAPAK/AP KERRY: KAREN BLEIER/AFP

■ In 1999, as he prepared to run for president, George W. Bush came to rely heavily on the services of pollster Matthew Dowd. Dowd was, and is, a sharp and savvy political operative. And he was, and apparently is, a Democrat. Now, years later, the president has learned the hazards of admitting the opposition party into your inner circle. In a splashy, front-page interview with the *New York Times*, Dowd denounced the war in Iraq and what he called the president's "my way or the highway" approach to governing. From what we can tell, Dowd never particularly believed in Republican policies, but rather admired Bush's potential to unite Democrats and Republicans. But when things get tough—and they always, at some point, get tough—Democrats tend to support Democrats and Republicans tend to support Republicans. It's just the way things are, and it's too bad Bush didn't realize that in the first place.

■ During all the years we have been debating global warming, Congress has refused to enact legislation regulating carbon emissions or authorizing the Environmental Protection Agency to regulate them. Five justices of the Supreme Court evidently wish that the Congress had so acted, and have consequently agreed to pretend that it did. It remains unclear what our global-warming policy will be; but it is becoming alarmingly clear who, effectively, is going to be making it.

■ In 2006, Congress made it as clear as it possibly could that suspected-terrorist detainees have no right to challenge their detention in federal court. As legal commentator Stuart Taylor Jr. put it, we don't want Marines to be pulled out of Afghanistan to justify their captures at a hearing. The courts have gotten the message. Appeals courts have held that Congress did what it did, and that it had the power to do it. Now the Supreme Court has declined to review the decision. Justices Anthony Kennedy and John Paul Stevens issued a joint statement expressing their willingness to meddle in the future as the mood strikes them, so there is no need to worry that any principle of judicial restraint is in operation here.

■ The modern use of the president's recess-appointments power as a way of getting around congressional opposition is constitutionally dubious. But it has seldom been better used than it was on April 4, when President Bush used it to place several blocked nominees in administration positions. Sam Fox, Bush's nominee to be ambassador to Belgium, probably had the support of a majority of senators. But John Kerry was intent on keeping him from a floor vote in retaliation for Fox's donations to the Swift Boat Veterans for Truth. (Unable to this day to offer a detailed response to the veterans' charges, Kerry prefers to settle scores in committee.) Democrats were holding up Susan Dudley for a regulatory post because she is insufficiently enthusiastic about regulation. Andrew Biggs will now be a deputy commissioner for Social Security. Sen. Max Baucus, who heads the Senate Finance Committee, had refused to act on this nom-

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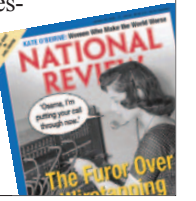

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In the new issue of the Hoover Digest . . .

What Pinochet Did for Chile

The strongman is dead—but his country's prosperity lives on

He directed a coup against an elected president and presided for 16 years over a military regime that violated human rights, shut down political parties, canceled elections, constrained the press and trade unions, and engaged in other undemocratic actions. But as one editorial headline said: "Augusto Pinochet tortured and murdered. His legacy is Latin America's most successful country."

How can this be? Pinochet's paradoxical legacy includes a peaceful and constitutional transfer of power and a democracy that since 1990 has been vigorous and stable. Moreover, the economic policies of most nations in the Americas, Europe, South and East Asia, and the former Soviet Union have followed Chile's lead away from socialism and extreme state capitalism and toward the free market. By contrast, Fidel Castro's totalitarian regime in Cuba has lasted 48 years and remains a dismal, impoverished, dynastic anachronism. And when will Castro be brought to account for his abuses?

—Robert Packenham and William Ratliff

How I Spent My Libyan Vacation

Sun, sand, and surgery on a most memorable trip to Tripoli

It's impossible not to have a perverse curiosity about proverbially lunatic Libya. Not just its 35 years of sponsoring revolutionaries, terrorist operatives, and hit squads that hunt down dissidents—or the colonel's order years ago that all Libyans, even in teeming Tripoli, were to raise chickens. More bizarre still are reports that Muammar Gadhafi has abruptly liberalized his police state, ridding himself of weapons of mass destruction, reopening embassies, and inviting Libyans and Americans to be friends. So I couldn't resist when an educational cruise line invited me to lecture in Libya on its magnificent antiquities.

At first, all went well. The beautiful ruins, the talkative, curious, optimistic people who seemed to have been jolted from a long sleep . . . but all was not well. Actually, I was not well—a medical emergency would put my life in the hands of Gadhafi's surgeons. As the anesthetic took hold I glimpsed a minaret out the window and a poster of Gadhafi glaring down from the wall—and I felt a strange sense of well-being.

—Victor Davis Hanson

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THE WEEK...

ination because Biggs had advocated personal accounts. The *Washington Post* laments that Biggs's appointment "eliminates any possibility of bipartisan cooperation on Social Security." But the unreasoning opposition to him had already demonstrated that no such possibility exists.

■ Republican senators Tom Coburn of Oklahoma and Richard Burr of North Carolina have put together several sweeping free-market health-care reforms in one bill, the "Universal Health Care Choice and Access Act." The bill would let Americans purchase insurance from companies in other states, thus bypassing the often cumbersome regulations in their own states. It would redirect the tax break that now goes to employer-provided health insurance so that individuals could use it to buy coverage where they wish. Competition within Medicare would be encouraged, and young workers could put their Medicare taxes into accounts that they could use to keep their private insurance after they retire. It is an ambitious plan, too ambitious to be enacted anytime soon. But Senators Coburn and Burr deserve credit for uncovering the shocking truth about health-care reform: It doesn't have to be a left-wing cause.

■ The timing of the Commerce Department's decision to impose tariffs on paper imports from China looks suspiciously like a Bush-administration attempt to placate

Democrats, manufacturers, and Big Labor on the eve of a major trade deal. Commerce cleared the way for the tariffs just as the administration neared a showdown with an increasingly protectionist Congress over the recently completed U.S.–South Korea free-trade agreement, as well as the renewal of the president's power to submit trade agreements to Congress for an up-or-down vote. Bush apparently felt he had to do something big to show lawmakers from manufacturing districts that he takes their concerns about China seriously. Unfortunately, the move brings the U.S. perilously close to a trade war with China that would have devastating consequences for American consumers. When the Chinese government subsidizes exports to the United States, it is selling goods and services to Americans at a discount. That's a boon for the U.S. economy. Between now and October, when Commerce is scheduled to make a final determination on the paper tariffs, the administration should look for an opportunity to scrap them.

■ On the night of April 5, the Missile Defense Agency launched an interceptor from Hawaii. Two minutes later, it slammed into its target, a SCUD-like missile, far above the Pacific Ocean. The event marked the second time this year a test missile in the Terminal High Area Altitude Defense system had destroyed a mock warhead. The achievement further demonstrates the promise of a theater-range missile-defense system. Moreover, it proves that even troubled programs can be turned around: In the late 1990s, following a series of blunders, THAAD stood on the brink of cancellation. Today, however, it stands one step closer to helping cancel out emerging threats from Iran and North Korea.

■ The recent episode of the British hostages in Iran brought to mind the late Adm. James Stockdale. He spent seven years in Hoa Lo Prison, a.k.a. the Hanoi Hilton. For his valor and leadership while captive he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Though tortured 15 times, though kept in leg irons for two years, though held in solitary confinement for four, he would not aid his captors. Refusing to be paraded in front of foreign journalists, he slashed his scalp with a razor blade and beat his face with a wooden stool, rendering impossible that disgrace. Few are capable of such feats of will—Admiral Stockdale was a student of the Stoic philosopher Epictetus—and we could probably not have expected such bravery from the British sailors and marines. Yet we must remember the standards our greatest warriors have set if we are to prevail in this and coming wars.

■ Muslim authorities in Britain refuse to participate in Holocaust Memorial Day, and they have heard the Church apologize for the Crusades that date back to the 11th century. The Historical Association is a professional body whose purpose is to promote the teaching of history. In a report commissioned by the British government, this

BAD SHOW

Name, rank, and serial number were what
Brits once supplied when the going got hot;
Yet, on the telly with pointers in hand,
There they were giving the lay of the land—
Sorry, the sea—after chatting it up
Over a meal with fine cutlery. Yup.
What would they make of the Iron Duke's mien?
What would Wolfe say? Surely, something obscene.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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THE WEEK...

association commends schools where the history of the Crusades is not taught because "the topic challenge[s] what some local mosques [are] teaching" (in the BBC's words). Other schools do not teach about the Holocaust because they are concerned about giving offense to Muslim pupils who have imbibed Holocaust denial at home. When tiresome people insist on telling the truth, then, insensitivity to historical fact is evidently only to be expected.

■ The French are about to hold a presidential election. So far it has been a lackluster campaign. Nicolas Sarkozy for the Right and Ségolène Royal for the Left have exchanged weary platitudes. Events at the Gare du Nord brought the election alive. The huge station feeds many of the suburbs where immigrants live, and it is also the terminal for the Eurostar train that crosses the English Channel. A fare-dodger jumped over the ticket turnstile there and was detained. He turned out to be a thirtysomething illegal immigrant from the Congo with a police record. Rumor somehow spread that the police had beaten up a 13-year-old. A spontaneous riot erupted and lasted several hours. An estimated 300 rioters wrecked shop windows in the terminal, did some looting, and attacked ticket inspectors and the police with metal bars, injuring a number of them. Nobody quite liked to point out how eager Muslim and African youths were for another bout of

MONIKA GRAFF/UPI

Like the Iran–Iraq War

In 1993, Ted Danson appeared at a Friars Club "roast" of his then-girlfriend Whoopi Goldberg. In a now infamous, and infamously unfunny, routine, Danson spewed a string of tasteless and racist jokes, peppering every sentence with the N-word. And Danson did this whole monologue in blackface.

Whoopi defended Danson's act by telling everybody to lighten up, it was all in good fun. Heck, she'd helped write Ted's material.

Fast-forward to 2007. Don Imus, as you may have heard, called the Rutgers women's basketball team "nappy-headed hos" and other racially offensive things. In response, Goldberg said that Imus's comments "pissed me off." "Firing isn't the issue," she explained. "He didn't do anything illegal. Just morally reprehensible." It is unknown whether those in the room ducked for cover lest they be struck dead along with Goldberg by a divine, hypocrisy-punishing lightning bolt.

Of course, Goldberg isn't leading the charge against Don Imus. That honor goes to Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson. Sharpton, you may recall, clawed his way to fame by slandering innocent men and decrying Jewish "interlopers" in Harlem. Jesse Jackson, of "Hymietown" fame, was something of a role model for Sharpton, having made millions by shaking down the rich and famous with charges of racism.

Despite an apology tour rivaling Larry Summers's auto-da-fé at Harvard, these jackals will not be sated and are insisting that Imus lose his job and be driven from polite society. I am no expert on Christian theology, but I swear I read somewhere that Christians have a thing about offering forgiveness in response to acts of contrition. But I must have that wrong, since such prominent men of God as Ministers Sharpton and Jackson see no need to stop twisting the hot poker.

We should stipulate that, in a sense, Imus deserves whatever grief he gets. He is a nasty and arrogant man who has never shown much reluctance to take whatever cheap shot would earn him a guffaw from listeners, and particularly from the media glitterati who are now joining in the high-tech lynching of an aging shock-jock. And, frankly, I'll leave it to others to prattle about freedom of expression and all that. The cold breeze generated by any chilling effect that takes Imus off the air for a while won't interrupt my sleep.

But there is a troubling aspect of this brouhaha, as Imus himself has pointed out. He didn't get these jokes out of thin air. Compared with routine fare in black popular culture, Imus's comments look like an NAACP press release. But Sharpton & Co. don't dare mau-mau people who make a career out of calling black women hos. They are about their own self-aggrandizement and the collection of white scalps, and nothing more. If the elite media had any spine whatever, they would stop dancing to the Sharpton/Jackson tune. But that would conflict with the kabuki dance they are scheduled to go through every six months or so to prove their racial sensitivity.

As far as I'm concerned, the only reasonable position is the Kissingerian one. During the 1980s, Kissinger said of the Iran–Iraq war, "It's a pity both sides can't lose."

—JONAH GOLDBERG

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THE WEEK...

the violence that brought France to a standstill at the end of 2005. Sarkozy and Royal momentarily suspended platitudes in favor of blame games, but the next president will have to figure out how to hold this disaffected society together.

■ The case for Alger Hiss's treason was powerful in 1950, when Hiss was convicted of charges related to espionage. Since then, it has only strengthened, with the 1978 publication of Allen Weinstein's groundbreaking book *Perjury* and the 1995 release of the decrypted Venona cables, which identify "Ales" (almost certainly Hiss) as a spy for the Soviet Union. Yet an ever-dwindling band of never-say-die leftists still cling to the fantasy of their man's innocence. On April 5, they gathered at New York University. Author Kai Bird claimed to have found the "real spy"—not Hiss, of course, but Wilder Foote, a long-dead State Department aide who previously had escaped all suspicion. The conference organizers also dragged out Timothy Hobson, an 80-year-old stepson of Hiss. He spent part of his childhood living with Hiss and claims that there's no way his stepfather could have spied because he surely would have detected evidence of it, presumably in the very best Hardy Boys style. What these desperate loyalists offer is a Hobson's choice: any verdict on the Hiss case, as long as it is exoneration.

HISS: WILLIAM BOND/GETTY HULTON ARCHIVE

■ "If you see something, say something." How many times have you heard that? Well, here is a new, improved version, courtesy of the Trial Lawyers Association: "If you see something, say something. Then get ready to be sued." Remember the Flying Imams? Six Muslim clerics were in a plane on the tarmac at Minneapolis Airport one day last fall. They had been heard praying loudly before boarding the plane, and talking about Saddam Hussein. Instead of taking their seats, they were moving around the plane in a suspicious way. Some passengers complained. The imams were taken off the plane and questioned. Now a lawyer named Omar Muhammedi is suing to have the identities of the complaining passengers revealed. This, presumably, is so that he'll be able to sue them individually for their shameful conduct in reporting suspicious activities. As well as being an attorney, Mr. Muhammedi is president of the New York chapter of CAIR. Counterattacking, Rep. Pete King introduced legislation in the House to protect people who report suspicious behavior from legal liability. King's amendment passed 304–121 before the tort bar could gather their forces to stop it. Now it goes to the Senate, where it will disappear without trace.

■ Add a name to the roll call of national nuisances and sowers of discord: Maggie Rivas-Rodriguez, an associate professor in the journalism department at the University of Texas. Ms. Rivas-Rodriguez and her staff, we are told, "police projects about World War II all over the country—books, films, conferences and the like—to make sure Latinos are represented." The lady is, in other words, a bias-sniffer. Sniffing around the other day, one of her minions came upon filmmaker Ken Burns's new PBS documentary about WWII, due to be aired this coming September. Attending a preview of the film, the minion, nostrils a-twitching, asked Mr. Burns whether there were any Latinos in it. When Burns said no, the grievance-mongers set about stoking the fires of outrage. No use for Mr. Burns to explain that his format—a handful of personal stories taken from just four American towns—did not lend itself to group representations. In multicultural America, *every* group must be represented in *everything*. If Mr. Burns adjusts his film to show Latinos, he will soon hear from Apaches, Bulgars, Chinese, Danes, Eskimos, Finns, Greeks, Hindus, and every other unrepresented group down to Zoroastrians and Zulus.

THE WAR: PBS

■ Just in case you ever wondered what, exactly, a person needs to do to get a doctorate in education, here's a clue. Karen Cook is a "resource teacher" at Forest Hill High School in Palm Beach, Fla., and, as part of her doctoral studies at Florida Atlantic University, she reviewed two algebra textbooks for race bias. She was horrified to find that a majority of the people shown in the books—276 out of 380—are white. Gasped the horrified Ms. Cook: "If our textbooks are not reflecting opportunity and diversity in society, then I wonder how it's affecting our students and how they perceive our society." But forget the usual grievance-mongering: What has us baffled is how the publishers managed to cram 380 human faces into two textbooks on *algebra*, while still leaving room for formulas, equations, tables, and graphs.

■ Gays, some have opined, don't want marriages so much as *weddings*. (Of course, the same is true of some straights, too.) The Walt Disney Company will now oblige. At their two U.S. parks and on their cruise ships, Disney offers "Fairy Tale Wedding" packages at locations set aside for this purpose. The packages start at $8,000 and include a wedding planner, the ceremony, food and drink, flowers and table decorations. The package was formerly not available to gays, but that policy has now changed. Gays will be able to enjoy a Fairy Tale Wedding—stop sniggering there in the back row!—on Disney premises. We wish them joy of it, while yet pining for the days when Disney stuff was for *children*.

■ The high school of Burlington Township, N.J., held a terrorism drill so that the students and teachers would know

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what to do if the school were attacked. Perhaps they had in mind the appalling attack on a school in Beslan, Russia, back in 2004, when Islamists killed 344 civilians, including 186 children. In any case, the Burlington drill had a "blue" team (us) and a "red" team (the terrorists). Since the "red" team had to be given some kind of plausible identification, the town fathers of Burlington tagged them as fanatics from the most bloodthirsty, terroristic, murderous religion they could think of. Yes, this was an attack by Christians. To be precise, the "red" team consisted of two local cops scripted as "members of a right-wing fundamentalist group called the 'New Crusaders' who don't believe in separation of church and state." A similar drill at a school in Michigan three years ago featured a simulated attack by fanatical Christian homeschoolers. Isn't this identification of terrorism with Christianity going to offend a lot of Christians? Ah, but if we were to identify terrorism with Islam, that would offend Muslims, which would be . . . well, you know.

AT WAR

Stickless

By committing an act of war, Iran has made itself look peaceful and the West look impotent.

That is the paradoxical outcome of the crisis that began when Iran kidnapped 15 British sailors and marines on March 23. Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad "pardoned" the 15 in the matter of "trespassing" on Iranian coastal waters. (This charge was disproved by GPS data.) Britain should have made it clear on Day One that it viewed the kidnappings as the act of war they in fact were. This would not have required an immediate military response, or ruled out negotiations. But it would have meant telling Iran's rulers, in public and in private, that the cost of not releasing the hostages would soon be unbearable. (Threats need not have been spelled out, but could have included economic embargo, naval blockade, and eventual military strikes.) With due respect to Theodore Roosevelt, this occasion called for speaking loudly and carrying a big stick.

Instead, at least in public, Britain mumbled. The denouement consequently appeared to have happened entirely on Iranian terms. This is not simply a question of image. It will have harmful consequences in the Middle East and beyond. Iran proved that it is the region's dominant power. Could any other country have attempted this and gotten away with it? Syria? Saudi Arabia? Egypt? Surely not. Britain, meanwhile, reinforced Iran's view of the West as a decadent society that does not respond to provocations. Perceptions matter: Recall the conclusions Osama bin Laden drew after the American retreat from Somalia. What we can expect now is greater aggression, from both Iran in particular and Islamists in general.

In a better world, the mullahs' latest exercise in hostage-taking-as-foreign-policy—along with Ahmadinejad's recent announcement that Iran is enriching uranium on an industrial scale—would shatter some of the widespread naïveté about the nature of the regime. Chances are, however, that most of the world will draw just the wrong conclusion: that "diplomacy works."

As for the 15 sailors and marines, their conduct has hardly been admirable. Yes, the Iranians threatened them, and their choices were no doubt influenced by their weak rules of engagement and the generally pacifist mood of their countrymen. But if courage is no longer a British virtue, how about stoicism? By the captives' own accounts, they were not physically abused. They might not have confessed their "guilt" so readily. They might not have beamed on Iranian TV and thanked Ahmadinejad for his "forgiveness." (Will they also send thank-you cards for the CDs and candies they accepted from him on the way out?) In the Britain of World War II, they would have found themselves in the press because they faced a board of inquiry for surrendering without a fight—not because they had sold their stories for several years' salary.

With due respect to Theodore Roosevelt, this occasion called for speaking loudly and carrying a big stick. Instead, at least in public, Britain mumbled.

None of this is to deny the gladness one naturally and properly feels over their survival. But into this humanitarian impulse irrupts the darker realization that their good fortune has come at an unacceptable price. The West has shown it can be trifled with: and a great many lives will remain at risk for a long time to come.

AT WAR

Pelosi Abroad

Nancy Pelosi tends to forget that there is an executive branch. She and her Democrats have already set deadlines for the withdrawal of combat troops from Iraq—as though the armed forces reported not to President Bush but to 535 congressional commanders in chief. Now Pelosi wants 535 secretaries of state as well.

That's how it looks, anyway, based on her meeting in Damascus with Bashar al-Assad, Baathist dictator and terrorist patron extraordinaire. It's not uncommon for members of Congress to meet foreign heads of state, and Pelosi was within her rights. But she could hardly have chosen a better way to undermine U.S. foreign policy.

It's no secret that the White House didn't want her to go, and for good reason: Syria is practically a charter member of the "Death to the West" club. It takes its foreign-policy marching orders from Tehran. It contributes significantly to the bloodletting in Iraq by allowing terrorists to cross its border with that country. It gives sanctuary to Hamas's senior leadership. And it continues to work toward Lebanon's implosion by backing Hezbollah.

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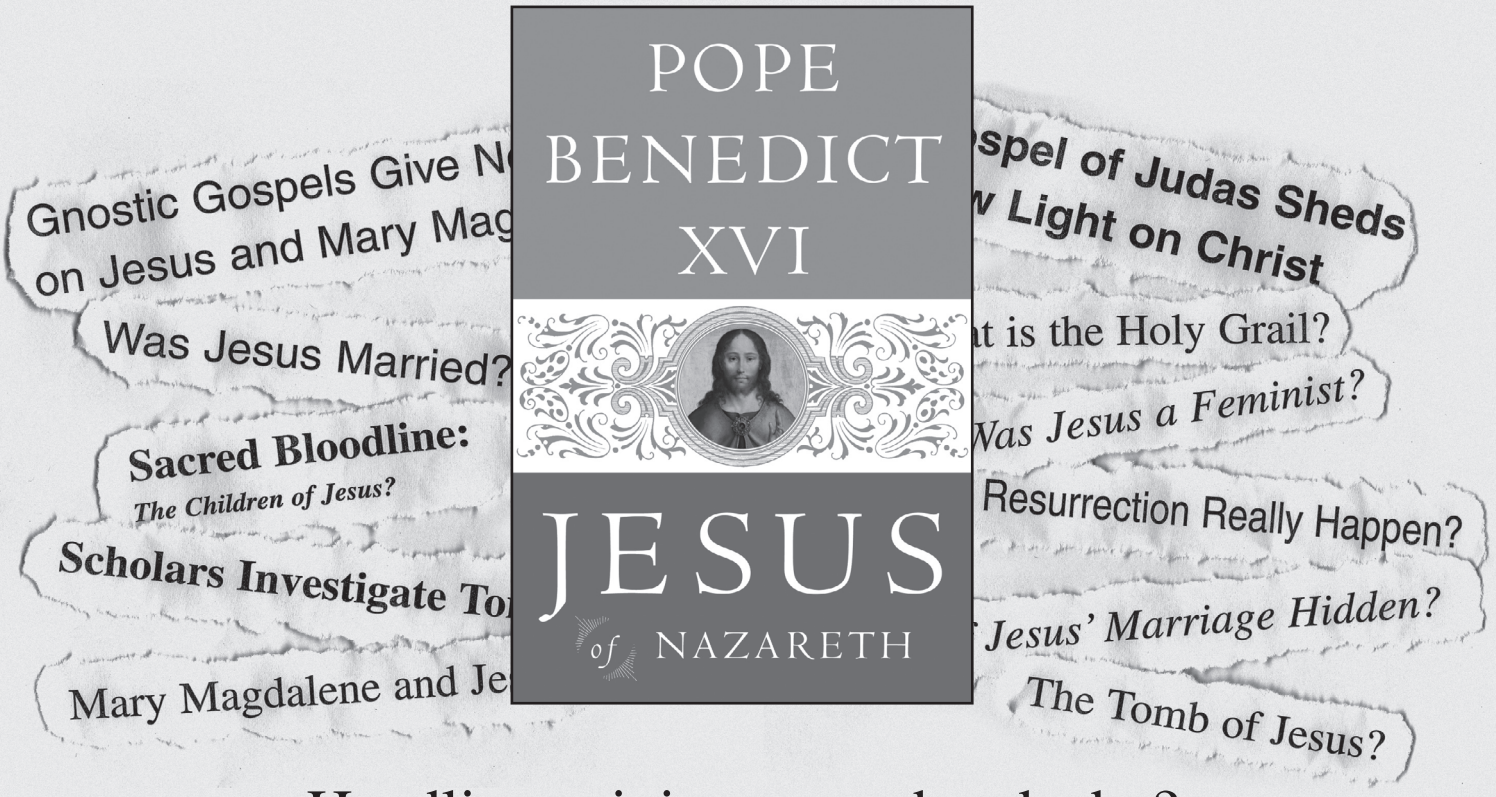

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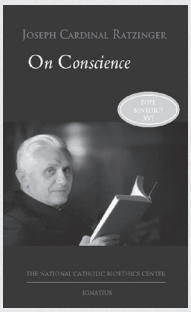

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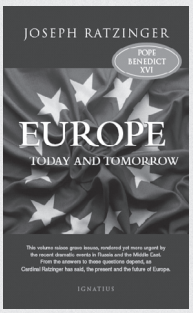

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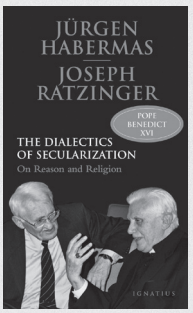

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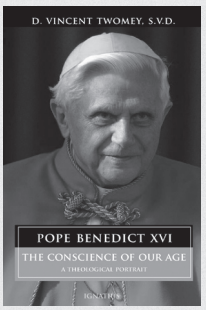

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The Week...

Pelosi said she hoped to "build the confidence" with this fine government. But goodwill does not a foreign policy make. Pelosi's naïveté recalls that of the Baker-Hamilton commission, which daftly encouraged the U.S. to engage Iran and Syria diplomatically so that they would—cue miracle—help stabilize Iraq. Why they would do this went unexplained, probably because it is unexplainable. Tehran and Damascus's ceaseless aggression makes it clear that they do not think the U.S. will be a lasting power in the Middle East, and are not interested in advancing its ends.

That's why Bush's strategy has been to isolate these regimes and maximize pressure on them: The idea is that they may eventually decide that it is costlier to fight the U.S. than to cooperate with it. Pelosi's visit slackened this pressure and rewarded Assad's provocations with a photo-op. "Don't bother changing, Mr. President," she may as well have told him, "since that cowboy will be out of the Oval Office in 21 short months." (Pelosi also embarrassed Israel by conveying a peace message from prime minister Ehud Olmert—whose office quickly denied that she bore any such thing.)

In fairness, some of the blame for undercutting America's position in the Middle East rests across the House aisle. A handful of Republicans want to surrender in Iraq, and three Republican congressmen—Frank Wolf, Joe Pitts, and Robert Aderholt—recently had their own powwow with Assad in Syria. But a few foolish Republicans can do only so much damage. Pelosi, on the other hand, has a majority, and it is doing its best to raise the white flag over the Middle East. We can't believe that a majority of Americans—impatient though they are with the Iraq War—thought they were voting for this last November. By the time they have a chance to issue an electoral corrective, however, it may be too late.

POLITICS

Giuliani's Abortion Pratfalls

When a reporter asked Rudolph Giuliani about taxpayer funding for abortion, he could have simply said that it was a matter for state governments to decide. That seems to be his position; and it also describes existing policy, so pro-lifers would have had no real complaint with him. Instead, Giuliani embarked on a series of explanations and revisions that cast doubt on his grasp of the Constitution, his interest in appealing to pro-lifers, and his political skill.

Giuliani gratuitously volunteered that he himself favors taxpayer funding for abortion. (Based on his other remarks, we assume he means that he would vote for it if he were a state legislator.) He supports funding on the theory that abortion is a constitutional right, and governments are therefore obligated to help poor citizens exercise it.

We'll assume, charitably, that in describing abortion as a constitutional right Giuliani meant only to say that the Supreme Court recognized it as such, not that the Court was right to do so. But that gloss cannot save his overall theory, which makes no sense. The Court itself does not say that the right to abortion entails a right to public funding, and has insisted that it entails no such right for three decades. If constitutional rights generally implied rights to governmental support in their exercise, gun ownership would have to be subsidized. So would blogging.

By blurting out his support for taxpayer funding of abortion, Giuliani has revealed that his instincts on the issue are immoderate. We are already almost alone in the developed world in having such liberal abortion laws: Thanks to some of the little-known implications of *Roe*, abortion is legal at any stage of pregnancy for essentially any reason. Giuliani favors, in principle, making that regime more liberal still. Economist Michael New has studied the effect of various policies on abortion rates and concluded that nothing has reduced them more than cutoffs in public funding. We can therefore assume that an America with Giuliani's favored policies would be a country with more abortion—reversing the 15-year trend of decline, including the decline in New York City for which the ex-mayor takes dubious credit.

By blurting out his support for taxpayer funding of abortion, Giuliani has revealed that his instincts on the issue are immoderate.

No Republican president has ever supported taxpayer funding for abortion. It is a minority position. Seventeen states provide taxpayer funding for abortion, all but four of them under judicial compulsion.

When Giuliani announced his presidential campaign, we hoped that he would combine his record of accomplishment and his leadership abilities with a newfound appreciation of the virtues of social conservatism. At the very least, we hoped he would try to reach an accommodation with pro-lifers.

He made some early moves in this direction, such as finally coming around on partial-birth abortion (even if he never came up with a good explanation for his shift). He said that he favors "strict constructionist" judges, who attempt to determine what the law is rather than to make it what they think it should be. In recent weeks, however, he has—again gratuitously—explained that in his mind a strict-constructionist judge could as easily rule to keep *Roe* as to scrap it. He has continued to misrepresent pro-lifers as seeking to throw pregnant women "in jail." He has refused to rule out signing federal legislation codifying *Roe* should it be presented to him as president. And while declaring no interest in federal funding for abortion, he has offered no commitment to veto legislation providing for it.

Mayor Giuliani has tied himself in knots. His position makes neither logical, nor moral, nor political sense. Many conservatives are disappointed, and hope that their disappointment is not going to grow as the campaign wears on.

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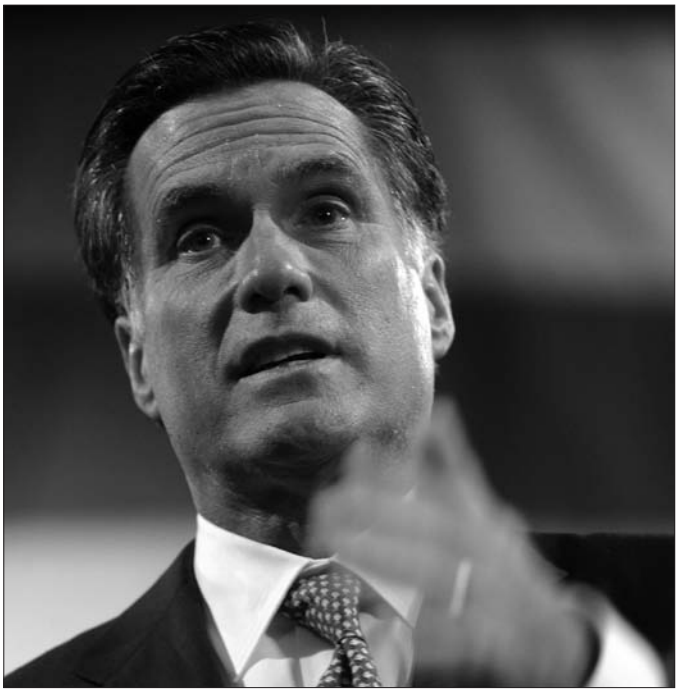

■ COVER STORY ■

A CEO for the USA?

On the trail with Manager Mitt

RICHARD LOWRY

Derry, N.H.

MITT ROMNEY tells the audience at a town-hall meeting here how his kids got him a 1962 Rambler—the American Motors car produced by his dad George Romney—for his 60th birthday. It seems just a charming story to warm up the crowd. Romney says, "We got it started, drove it up the road—and then pushed it home." People laugh. But Romney is really telling a parable about his favorite theme: change.

He says his 1962 car had no arm rest, no seatbelts, no bucket seats, and a great big steering wheel that it took a lot of muscle to turn. "Cars have changed a lot," he says. And then he launches into his real point: "People selling us goods and services figure out they got to make them better every year." The people who run government feel no similar obligation, especially in Washington where "talk is the currency." Romney says "talk has no value—not in the real world," and that he "grew up in the real world."

This is the core message of Romney's campaign, and it is a credible one that accords with his background and interests. He's a businessman populist running as a Washington outsider, although without the nasty edge or fiery rhetoric of past populist anti-Washington candidates (think Gephardt circa 1988, Perot circa 1992, or Buchanan circa whenever). Romney is technocratic and non-threatening, giving the impression that he will slay the slouching beast of ineffective, wasteful government with flow-charts and unremitting politeness.

It is impossible to be around Romney and not be impressed—by his obvious intelligence, by his fluid speaking style, by his accomplishments in business and government, by his appearance. The former venture capitalist and Massachusetts governor is a technically proficient candidate, a good fundraiser and organizer who makes a winning impression on the stump. And yet, one still wonders whether voters will buy him.

He's got a Boy Scout demeanor, but he has been under withering assault as a political fraud all year long. He "looks like a president," as people always say of him, but his perfect appearance may feed the sense that he's a synthetic candidate. His Mormon faith clearly played a role in his success in life, but it could be an obstacle to winning voters even as he campaigns on his successes.

So Romney remains a question mark, although as talented and highly presentable a question mark as you'll ever find.

Prior to his Derry meeting, Romney visits a small manufacturing firm in Manchester, Granite State Manufacturing. He gets a politician's typical speed tour, getting briefed on the company's products ranging from semi-conductors to the small robots the military uses against bomb threats. Then he is brought out onto the shop floor to deliver remarks to the couple of dozen gathered employees from behind a podium.

Romney seems an incongruous presence, crisp and well pressed, in this industrial setting, with a concrete floor and buzzing lights overhead. He says that he was wondering about what united the company's different products, and his guide explained the company is good at "things that are changing a lot." That, of course, sets up Romney nicely, and he gives a kind of mini–business tutorial. It is possible to imagine him fitting in here, after all—as a business consultant.

He explains that if you're making the same product or delivering the same service over an extended period, "you're in trouble." To illustrate that improvement is always possible, he says when Hank Paulson left Goldman Sachs for the Treasury Department, everyone assumed the firm couldn't possibly be run any more effectively, but "the new chief executive changed everything and now it's doing better." Then—of course—he complains that government doesn't change enough, and tells the workers that, in the private sector, "I learned to change things."

Romney doesn't have a highly ideological message on the stump. He is running

DARREN McCOLLESTER/ GETTY IMAGES NEWS

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as a mild limited-government conservative. He says over and over again that to make America better "you don't strengthen government, you strengthen the American people." He plumps for lower taxes (he wants to cut taxes on saving and investment), advocates keeping federal spending below the level of inflation, and notes that he liked to veto bills in Massachusetts. None of this is hard to believe of Romney. It's on social and cultural issues—where he has shifted to the right in recent years—that he has developed a credibility problem.

On this swing through New Hampshire, he doesn't go out of his way to mention any of those issues. He instead gets at them obliquely through his personal life.

At every stop, he lauds New Hampshire voters for the intensive nature of their primary, during which they take the time to learn "about the character of those running." He urges them to "measure us for our character and heart and passion and values." Implicit message: A certain frontrunning former New York City mayor would never, could never, say the same.

At his town-hall meeting, he talks about the importance of marriage. "Kids deserve a mom and a dad," he says, and "where we can, let's encourage marriage before children." By way of illustrating the de-valuing of marriage, he tells of an aide going to Babies "R" Us with his pregnant wife and getting asked by a salesperson, "What's your *girlfriend's* name?" There are a few gasps in the audience.

This might seem a tame volley in the culture wars, but few other major politicians talk about the culture of marriage at all, and Romney's upstanding personal life allows him to do it without embarrassment. In his 2000 primary campaign, George W. Bush got a lot of mileage out of his evangelical faith that allowed him to signal to social conservatives that he shared their values. Romney's devotion to family could serve a similar function this year.

On this day, he's campaigning with his oldest son Tagg and Tagg's daughter. Before introducing him at the Granite State Manufacturing event, Romney explains that he "fell in love in high school," and married his high-school sweetheart, Ann. Tagg was "born on our anniversary, one year after we got married"—one of those perfect touches in what seems a perfect family life. He says that Tagg's daughter is taking the day off from school. But could a Romney ever play hooky? "She's seeing how the political process works and then writing a paper on it for Monday." She'll probably get an "A."

Through no fault of his own, Romney's perfect presentation can be a little grating. You want to muss his gelled hair. Would it even be possible?

Years ago, a pollster asked people which presidential candidate they would rather have baby-sit their child. Forget baby-sit—most people would probably be comfortable having Mitt Romney *raise* their children.

Romney exudes good-natured earnestness. He has the jaw-line of Dudley Do Right and the resolute friendliness of Ned Flanders. "Gosh, I'm making some progress," he tells reporters, touting his poll numbers in early states. He says "you guys" a lot—"Hey, you guys," "Thanks, you guys"—and you can imagine that being said by a clean-cut 1950s teenager inviting his friends out for a Friday-night malt at the local burger place. Romney is like the character from the movie *Blast from the Past* who lives for decades in a fallout shelter, emerging with his 1950s values intact in contemporary America.

He has a quick sense of humor to go along with his cheerfulness. When he mentions the Rambler, a few people clap, and he quips, "A couple of guys had Ramblers—but they're not the ones clapping." At Granite State Manufacturing, he manipulates a bomb-squad robot using a joystick on a table. He points it mock-menacingly toward a reporter: "Let's see, I'll go for the AP today." When an official at a charity he visits jokingly says to the assembled cameras that he himself is getting into the presidential race, Romney interjects from the sidelines, "Not another one!"

So what's not to like? There is sometimes a sense that, as profile writers have put it, Romney is "too good to be true." A colleague of mine maintains that Hollywood would never cast Mitt Romney as a president—he just looks too implausibly good for the role. So the cliché that he looks like a president "out of Central Casting" doesn't work for Romney. He's better-looking than that. When he says at the town-hall meeting here that he is 60 years old, I'm taken aback. I must have known he was roughly that old, but looking at him while he says it, it's hard to believe. (At one event a reporter asks skeptically about his tan—Romney explains he sunned himself at a Florida meeting of the Club for Growth.)

Through no fault of his own, Romney's perfect presentation can be a little grating. You want to muss his gelled hair. Would it even be possible? Or see some creases in his suit. Or at least hear him stumble over a word.

On a deeper level, successful presidential candidates usually have a narrative arc—often involving some personal struggle—that connects with a deeper message. With Clinton, it was the "Man from Hope," emerging from a humble background to bring a sense of renewal to America. With George W. Bush, it was righting himself after his trouble with alcohol, giving a personal resonance to his pledge to create a Responsibility Era. With the near-miss campaign of John McCain in 2000, it was his time as a POW, buttressing his calls for patriotic sacrifice.

It would be foolish to say that Romney has had no personal struggles—for one, his wife was diagnosed with MS a few years ago—but they play no prominent role in his political persona. His narrative arc is that he ran private companies and turned around the 2002 Winter Olympics, made hundreds of millions of dollars, and now is here offering himself to run the federal government.

He risks seeming as though he's campaigning to be a glorified director of the Office of Management and Budget. He says providing a good home is important for children, "who will develop the technology of the future." Only a former venture capitalist would see children as budding profit centers. In response to a foreign-policy question, he notes the importance of moderate Muslim states and says he wants a "health-care initiative that brings to those countries some of the in-

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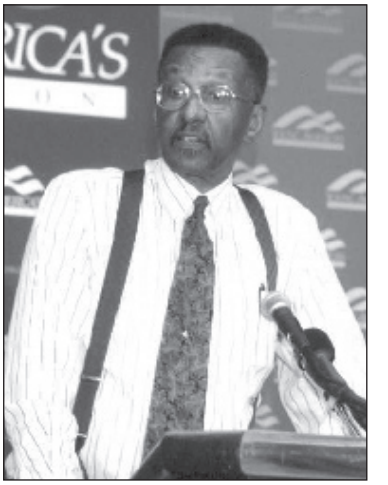

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novation we have." Will, say, paperless record-keeping really be a key to the ideological struggle with radical Islam?

The question is whether at this moment, in the midst of a war, Republican voters will want to turn to a nice-seeming technocrat. Romney says all the right things about fighting the "jihadists," but every time he says the word it sounds tinny to my ear—as though he learned it only recently. He talks tough about the Iranian nuclear program and supports the Iraq War, although with a cautious tone. He says "the troop surge is the proper course," although he can't say "it's a high-confidence course." We'll know if it's working "in a matter of months, not years."

Then there are the flip-flops, which have bedeviled Romney all year (yes, change can go too far). Reporters ask about them at a brief press availability, but not too energetically. How many times can you ask the same question? After spending time with Romney, I think that the flip-flop charge might fade, because ten months from now—in the age of the constant news-cycle—it will seem very old news. But the next day Romney gets embroiled in another authenticity flap, this time over whether he's really a "lifelong hunter" or not.

On this trip, Romney is campaigning on the high of having outpaced the other Republican candidates by raising $23 million. The big number ensured he would stay in the first tier of candidates. As a Romney aide explains, with anticipated candidates Sens. George Allen and Bill Frist never getting in the race, the press put Romney in the top tier without his really having to earn it. Now, he's earned it. The bad news is that a mainstream-conservative vacuum had opened up in the field with Allen's and Frist's absence that Romney could have filled, but the flip-flopping charges kept him from doing it. Now, that vacuum might be occupied by former senator Fred Thompson.

Thompson's entry would make Romney's task much harder, since he needs as many conservative votes as he can get. But he still will have his unique appeal. "The government of the United States is one of the largest enterprises in the world," he says, yet some candidates "have never run a corner store." Romney has run much more than that, and he's going to be sure voters know it. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY**

Trade Trouble

The new Democratic majority in Congress is putting up barriers

RAMESH PONNURU

THE Democratic party has a long history, dating back to its origins, of espousing free trade. It is a history from which contemporary Democrats are running away. In 2005, Sen. Hillary Clinton opposed the Central America Free Trade Agreement. She has sought sanctions against China to force it to revalue its currency. Now she is criticizing the North America Free Trade Agreement—enacted during her husband's administration—and calling for "a little timeout" on new trade deals.

Clinton isn't the first Democratic presidential candidate to find past support for NAFTA a problem. During the 2004 race, Howard Dean repudiated NAFTA. Clinton's rivals John Edwards and Barack Obama are also sounding anti-trade. Obama opposed CAFTA, for example, although only after some trademark hand-wringing.

Last year's elections brought a new crop of protectionist and trade-skeptical Democrats to the Hill. New senators James Webb of Virginia and Sherrod Brown of Ohio ran hard against trade.

The moral case for trade liberalization is pretty strong, and it is even progressive. Dan Ikenson, a trade-policy analyst at the Cato Institute, puts it concisely: "Our tariff peaks are in products disproportionately consumed by poor people and produced by poor countries: clothing and food." But contemporary Democrats don't seem to find that case compelling.

The collapse of support for free trade among Democrats has already had consequences. In 2001, President Bush asked Congress to grant him "trade promotion authority": the ability to negotiate trade deals which Congress would then agree to vote up or down without amendments. This authority is thought to be necessary to get other countries to come to the table; they do not want every deal renegotiated on the Hill. Bush's version of the trade-promotion bill went further than President Clinton's had gone to address liberals' concerns about labor rights and the environment. But only 21 House Democrats voted for the bill. To win its passage, Bush had to make a series of concessions to bring Republicans from protectionist areas on board.

Now that Democrats are running both the House and Senate, free traders are wondering whether a bipartisan basis for trade policy can be re-created. Charles Rangel, the Harlem Democrat, is the new chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which has jurisdiction over taxes, including taxes on foreign trade. He is, in the context of his party, a free trader. In 2003, for example, he voted for free trade with Chile, which most House Democrats opposed.

Rangel wants to get as many Democrats as possible to vote for pending trade deals with Colombia, Peru, Panama, and South Korea, and for renewed trade promotion authority for the president. So far, the major question has been how far he will have to go on labor and environmental issues to win Democrats over. Before too long, however, attention could shift to a new question: Has Rangel gone too far to keep Republican support?

A senior Republican House aide divides the House Democrats into three camps on trade. The largest group is hostile to "globalization." A second group sees that trade can have positive consequences, but wants to use trade agreements "as a tool to accomplish great social goods throughout the world." The smallest, "but not inconsequential," group is made up of traditional, and often older, free traders. As Democrats, they want the state to "cushion the blows" that trade delivers to some workers, even as they see that trade benefits most people. The aide sees Rangel trying to create a coalition of most Republicans, the free-trading Democrats, and half of the group that sees trade deals as a tool to enact a liberal agenda abroad.

The "key stumbling block," says the aide, will be labor. Some Democrats want to use trade agreements as a tool to

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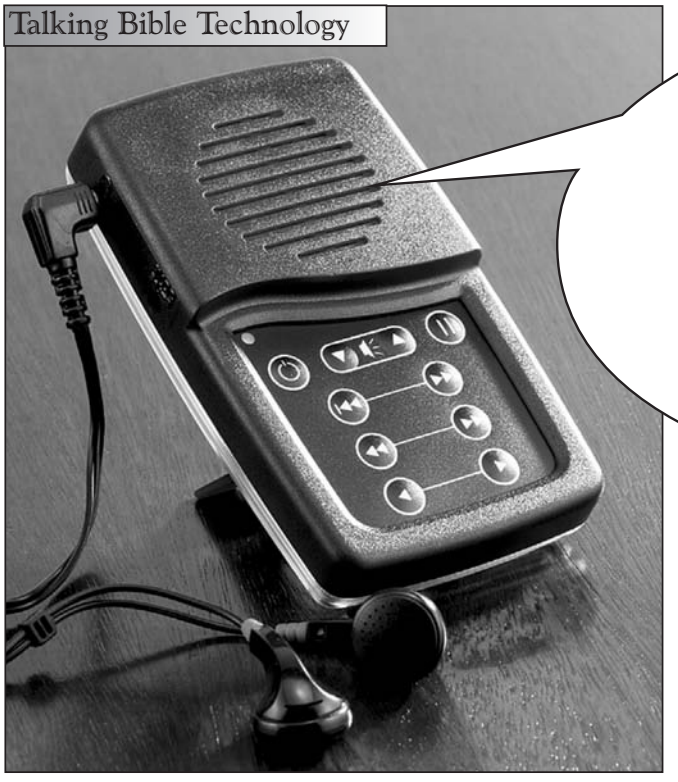

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change not only foreign labor practices, but also labor policies in this country. Republicans picture an international panel citing a state's right-to-work law as an "unfair trade practice," and balk.

Rangel's Republican counterpart on the committee, Jim McCrery of Louisiana, is committed to working with him to resolve these issues. "We're still in discussion," he says. "These talks are going to hinge on whether Chairman Rangel and I can find enough people of good will in both parties to move ahead." The negotiations are complicated by the fact that House Republican leaders think that McCrery is too soft with the Democrats, which may be why McCrery feels compelled to add: "I've been keeping my leadership apprised of what's going on."

Most free traders are pessimistic. Philip Levy, who served in the George W. Bush administration at the State Department and the Council of Economic Advisers, has been watching the negotiations from his perch at the American Enterprise Institute. "The early signs have not been great. The administration has offered everything but a rewrite of U.S. labor laws and been told that's not enough."

The worriers raise three objections to the direction that Rangel is headed. The first is that his efforts will not ultimately succeed in generating Democratic support for trade deals. On this theory, a lot of the concerns raised about labor and the environment have always been excuses for voting with the unions and the anti-globalization Left. Bush's 2001 concessions are an exhibit in the worriers' case: Democratic support for his liberal version of trade promotion authority was actually lower than their support for trade promotion had been four years earlier.

The second objection is that winning Democratic support could be a Pyrrhic victory. The president could win the authority to negotiate trade deals only to find that other countries no longer wanted to negotiate with him. "I don't think Colombia or Peru is anxious to rewrite trade agreements in ways that let us stick our nose into their business on labor and the environment even more than we've already done," notes Levy.

The third, and biggest, worry is that any deal with Rangel will set a bad precedent. Says another Republican aide: "Any concessions made now will become the ground floor for next time. . . . If you go too far, you could undermine legitimate free-trade support on the Republican side and that will make getting these agreements through much more difficult."

The Bush administration faces pressure to cut a deal. The three Latin American pacts, in particular, form part of its regional strategy against the influence of Hugo Chávez and his anti-*yanqui* ideology. The administration may yet find that the price is too high.

There may be a lesson here for American businesses, which have generally been a force for freer trade. They have preferred to do their lobbying inside Washington, eking out wins there even as the national political climate turned against trade. They are more comfortable with deal-making than with populist campaigns. But if they cannot figure out a way to make free trade a popular cause once again—the way it was long ago—they are going to find themselves with fewer and fewer inside-the-Beltway wins. **NR**

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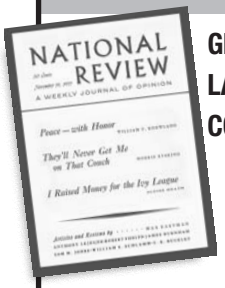
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■ **PUBLIC POLICY II**

For a New Consensus

What our immigration politics sorely needs

KATE O'BEIRNE

For over 40 years, Sen. Ted Kennedy has been making empty promises and wildly inaccurate predictions about the immigration policies he has played a major role in designing. The Bush administration's recent proposed "comprehensive" reform is intended to provide a less liberal alternative to Kennedy's latest disastrous designs on immigration laws. But like all "comprehensive" reform plans, it rests on its own promises and predictions and holds popular, worthy reforms hostage to amnesty for illegal aliens and a large, new guest-worker program. If reformers who oppose amnesty and are serious about securing the border and enforcing immigration laws decide to adopt instead a "consensus" approach to reform, they will be embracing changes that enjoy widespread support—and could split the coalition that backs an unpopular amnesty as the price for desired reforms.

The unintended consequences of past immigration-reform efforts should serve as a controlling caution when the Senate tackles immigration this spring. In 1965, Senator Kennedy chaired the Senate's immigration subcommittee and reassured his colleagues that they could expect only modest effects from the dramatic liberalization of immigration laws he championed. Although he asserted that "under the proposed bill, the present level of immigration remains substantially the same," his handiwork created one of the largest waves of immigration in history. Over the following 30 years, there were over 18 million legal immigrants—triple the number admitted during the previous 30 years—and millions of illegal immigrants joined the mass migration. Today,

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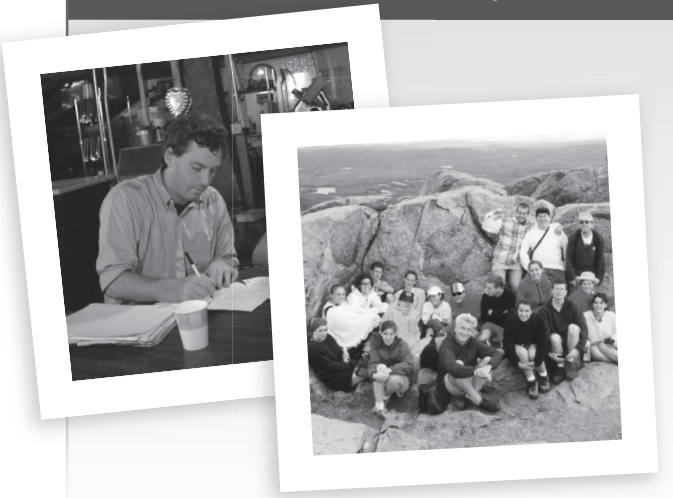

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1.5 million legal and illegal immigrants arrive annually and Kennedy, as chairman of the Senate's immigration subcommittee, is again designing an overhaul of immigration laws.

Under the Senate bill approved last year, millions of illegal aliens, along with millions of new guest workers and the extended family members of both, would have qualified for citizenship. The current foreign-born population of over 35 million would have dramatically increased. A majority of Senate Republicans opposed the plan; and this year the Bush administration hopes to provide an alternative reform that a significant number of congressional Republicans could support. The White House has spared no time or attention in behalf of this top priority. Senate Republicans have been attending multiple weekly meetings and engaging in countless cabinet-level discussions over the past few months.

The product of this intense collaboration includes an amnesty program for illegal aliens, with punitive fines and lots of conditions, and a large temporary-worker program. But the detailed outline of the administration's proposal does reflect the fact that the immigration-reform debate has taken a welcome shift to the right over the past year. Mark Krikorian of the Center for Immigration Studies sees a response to critics of amnesty in the latest reform proposals: "There has been a significant move to a harder position, in direct contradiction of the fantasy that amnesty supporters are spinning about last November's elections." Speaker Nancy Pelosi has implicitly acknowledged the unpopularity of amnesty by insisting on significant Republican support for any such plan in order to provide her members with needed political cover.

And "enforcement first" is now all the rage. Like the leading "comprehensive" reform recently introduced in the House by Reps. Jeff Flake (R., Ariz.) and Luis Gutierrez (D., Ill.)—which Speaker Pelosi and the chairman of the Congressional Hispanic Caucus have praised—the administration's draft plan includes enforcement "triggers" that must be met before a legalization or guest-worker program could take effect. These "triggers" are designed to increase enforcement resources at the border; create secure, tamper-proof documents; and set up a reliable employment-verification system. But there is no requirement that the effectiveness of these measures be established before the legalization provisions are implemented.

Just before last year's elections, Congress acknowledged the overwhelming public support for strong border security when it passed the Secure Fence Act, which authorized the construction of a 700-mile double-layered fence at the southern border to be completed by the end of 2008. Senator Kennedy opposed the fence, but its supporters included Sen. John McCain and 26 Senate Democrats, including Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama, and every other presidential contender. The bill also passed the House, on a 283–138 vote, but Congress appropriated only enough funds to build about half of the fence; skeptics wondered whether the popular measure represented mere "border dressing" in an election year.

Whether then (1966) or now, the same old disastrous thing

The skeptics were right. The administration's current plan calls for only a 370-mile fence and another 500 miles of either vehicle barriers or electronic monitoring to cover about half of the almost 2,000-mile border with Mexico. Last year's exercise in "border dressing" is illustrative of politicians' repeated willingness to vote for tough immigration measures they have no intention of seeing enforced.

In addition to increased border-security resources and plans for an employer-verification system with much larger fines for hiring illegal workers, the administration proposes a long-overdue reform in the current visa policy. The 1965 immigration reform phased out the national-origin criteria for immigration in favor of a system based on family reunification and needed skills. In 2005, 58 percent of the 1.1 million immigrant visas issued went to relatives of U.S. citizens, whose spouses, parents, and minor children can immigrate without numerical limits. There are additional limited categories available for citizens' adult children and siblings. Recognizing that "waiting lists for chain migration of extended family members are completely out of control" and that "it will take over 30 years to finish processing them on our current path," the administration proposes reducing chain migration in favor of a merit-based visa system that sorts applicants according to our national needs. Caps and waiting periods would be placed on the preference for parents; the preference for siblings and adult children would be eliminated. These welcome changes would come about only after the current backlogs and waiting lines are cleared out—which could happen rapidly if a large majority of applicants were merely refunded their application fees.

To address the specific demand for seasonal workers, the administration's proposal creates a temporary-worker program that permits entry every year, but only for nine months and without family members. The administration estimates that between 300,000 and 500,000 of the 1.1 million agricultural workers are currently illegal aliens. There would be no cap on the number of such seasonal workers in agricultural jobs under the administration's plan. In the past, proposals for even a modest temporary-agricultural-worker program have been rebuffed for fear that it would relieve the political pressure for a large-scale guest-worker program.

Neither amnesty for illegal aliens nor a guest-worker program should be contemplated until the current chaotic system is reformed and Congress has proven its

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willingness to see the immigration laws it passes enforced. In negotiations with Senator Kennedy, the administration's flawed plan can only move left and lose any possibility of support from conservative Republicans. Instead of trying to accommodate the senator whose previous reform efforts have been such a colossal failure, conservative reformers should refuse to hold the worthwhile parts of the administration's plan hostage to his more ambitious designs.

With some modifications, the beefed-up enforcement, visa reforms, and seasonal-worker provisions in the administration's plan would represent a politically popular proposal that could satisfy "enforcement first" supporters, businesses seeking skilled workers, and the agricultural community, thereby splitting the coalition currently backing "comprehensive" reform as the only vehicle that will deliver their desired changes. There is a consensus on immigration reform—one that is just waiting for political leadership. NR

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■ RUSSIA

A General Climate of Fear

Shadows lengthen from the Kremlin

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

RUSSIA is once again becoming the country it has always been, where the will of the ruler in the Kremlin is the supreme law. President Vladimir Putin is drawing a line under the Gorbachev-Yeltsin era of comparative democracy. In foreign and domestic policies, Putin has been concentrating power into his own hands. The Federal Security Service, or FSB in its Russian acronym, has simply taken over from its predecessor, the KGB, as the arm of state to make sure the ruler has his way. Putin's term of office ends next year, but yes-men are already proposing to change the constitution in order to extend his presidency.

Elimination of rival claimants to power testifies to this reversion to the past. The lucky ones are able to escape into exile abroad. One such is Boris Berezovsky. Once preeminent among the *nouveaux riches* oligarchs, he used to be a crony of Putin's, on whose behalf he acted as a powerbroker. Making his own ambitions too plain, he condemned himself to flight.

In order to break the independence of the huge oil company Yukos, its head was put through a show trial and deported to Siberia; and his deputy was put in a penal colony. Bankers, journalists, businessmen, or even oil technicians are murdered when they venture into public life. Since these killings are neither prevented nor properly resolved, the man in the street attributes them to the Kremlin and the FSB. A general climate of fear takes hold.

Freedom of expression was one of the main Gorbachev-Yeltsin achievements, but it is now almost entirely under state control. No fewer than 14 journalists have been killed since Putin took office in 2000, and police investigations vanish into thin air. One typical victim was the Russian-American Paul Klebnikov, shot dead in the street by persons unknown. The FSB likes to pin this crime on Berezovsky, about whom Klebnikov had published a muckraking (and, in many respects, probably truthful) book with the title *Godfather of the Kremlin*. Anna Politkovskaya, one of Russia's leading reporters, wrote books and numerous articles to expose brutalities in the war against the Chechens, for which she held Putin responsible. She too was shot dead in her apartment block. The killer was filmed on closed-circuit television but has not been identified or arrested. Ivan Safronov, the most recent journalist victim, had been researching sales of Russian missiles to Iran. He lived on the second floor, but was found to have fallen from a window on the fourth floor. His editor is sure it was murder.

Freedom of expression was one of the main Gorbachev-Yeltsin achievements, but it is now almost entirely under state control.

Even against this background of suspicion, intimidation, double-crossing, and violence, the death in London last November of Alexander Litvinenko is extraordinary, and will remain a landmark in the annals of crime. For a start, the murder weapon was a novelty, polonium-210, otherwise used only in initiating nuclear weapons. Once ingested, a very small amount is enough to bring bodily functions to a halt. It should work immediately, so fast that the cause of death is a mystery. A particularly fit man, Litvinenko survived long enough for experts to identify the poison. On his deathbed, a tragic and spectral figure who had gone bald and aged prematurely, he wrote an open letter accusing Putin of responsibility for his murder.

Future thriller writers and conspiracy

Mr. Pryce-Jones, an NR senior editor, is the author of some 25 books, including *The Strange Death of the Soviet Empire.*

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theorists will be taking an interest in the case. Four books are apparently being written already, and Hollywood is planning a movie. Suspects and clues already exist in the world of nonfiction, however. Two ex–KGB agents, Andrei Lugovoi and Dmitri Kovtun, admit to meeting Litvinenko on the day the polonium was administered, and in a hotel bar ideal for the purpose. Moreover, a giveaway polonium trail is traceable in rooms they slept in or visited, and in aircraft they flew on. They claim to be innocent. Kremlin spokesmen, as well as Putin, either sound indignant on their behalf or dismiss Litvinenko as a nonentity. Seemingly protective of the chief suspects, the Russian foreign minister, the prosecutor, and the police authorities combine to impose conditions that block investigation and possible extradition to Britain.

British scientists meanwhile have been able to establish which Russian-government power station produced the polonium. The state is the sole producer, and the costs would have been on the order of $10 million. The polonium can only have been handed out for use officially, or stolen. Scotland Yard detectives have been to Russia and believe they know who did what and when, but they are not saying anything, and perhaps never will.

Like the two men suspected of killing him, Litvinenko was an ex–KGB officer, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. His story was that he had been ordered to kill Berezovsky when Putin finally fell out with the oligarch. Rather than do so, he informed Berezovsky. Paul Klebnikov writes in his book that this was all a fabrication, but at any rate both Berezovsky and Litvinenko ended up in exile in London. There they became friends and associates. Berezovsky is said to have bought the London house in which Litvinenko and his wife Marina lived, and to have financed him as an investigative journalist. Primarily, Litvinenko exposed the barbarity of Russian tactics against the Chechens—the bulk of his work was put out on Chechen websites. With a colleague, Yuri Felshtinsky, he wrote a book, *Blowing Up Russia*, whose thesis is that the FSB bombed houses in Russia proper only to have a pretext for assaulting Chechnya. Litvinenko further personalized his attacks by describing Putin as a pedophile.

The post-Communist community of Russian exiles in Britain ranges from super-rich oligarchs to intellectuals of the stature of Vladimir Bukovsky, the former dissident. Their doyen, Oleg Gordievsky, occupies a position of preeminence much as Alexander Herzen, the great liberal and critic of czarism, did in the 19th century. A career officer in the KGB, Gordievsky was at the center of totalitarianism in action but refused to participate. Becoming a double agent, he worked with British intelligence until in 1985 he was detected and had to be smuggled to safety. To the KGB, he was a traitor, and condemned to death.

Alexander Litvinenko

Sixty-eight now, Gordievsky lives carefully. The expression on his strong face is hard to read, though he says what he thinks shortly and directly. Any media outlet that publishes an apology for Communism or the Soviet Union is virtually certain to receive a sharp letter of reprimand from him. While I was in his house, the telephone rang a good few times, and lengthy conversations in Russian followed. Russian media ask for interviews, but these he refuses to grant.

Bukovsky introduced Litvinenko to Gordievsky, saying that Litvinenko had amazing information to impart. Litvinenko visited Gordievsky quite often, and they used to lunch together in pleasant local restaurants. Litvinenko drank only tea or Coke. He appeared lonely. No cosmopolitan, he remained attached to Russia, and besides, his English was not good. Nonetheless he had become a British citizen. He believed he was threatened, but still he used to walk to Berezovsky's office in central London and go home on foot by himself through nearby Hyde Park at midnight. Active and athletic, he was fearless. He and Berezovsky trusted each other.

A Russian team of police, legal advisers, and interpreters has just been in Britain. They arrived with a list of a hundred people they wanted to see. Gordievsky dismisses this as "total bluff." Theirs was a sham investigation. The FSB disinformation and misinformation services, he says, "are working day and night to invent new lies. I know their methods." They questioned only two people, one of whom was Akhmad Zakayev, the prominent Chechen exile and "a lovely chap," in Gordievsky's anglicized phrase. The other person they interviewed was Berezovsky, whom the Kremlin is assiduously trying to frame for Litvinenko's murder: "And for once he was very good. He isn't always. He told them they should be ashamed of themselves." Berezovsky has to be "terminated" because he helped Putin reach the top and knows too much. "He's a living witness that an oligarch got him elected president." It infuriates Gordievsky to read in the British press that "rogue elements in the FSB" carried out the murder behind Putin's back. The system prevents any possibility of it, and besides there are no such rogue elements.

Russians ought to rise in protest, Gordievsky says, but they just want a good salary and perks. Communism killed off everyone capable of independent thought. Putin is taking whatever he can from the past to rebuild a totalitarian society, and yet Russia is tolerated by everyone rather than treated like Belarus, to be cold-shouldered and excluded from organizations like the G8. Gordievsky's friends in British intelligence assure him that Scotland Yard will eventually bring the Litvinenko murder to court, but he is expecting a cover-up. Almost his last words as I left the house were "I don't know how to express my indignation." **NR**

ALISTAIR FULLER/AP

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■ THE NATION

Baldly Back

Guess what? Our national bird is flourishing

JOHN J. MILLER

In February, a group of birdwatchers spotted something that no living person had ever seen before: a bald-eagle nest within the city limits of Philadelphia. "It's the first one that we know about for sure since the Revolutionary War," says Doug Gross, a biologist at the Pennsylvania Game Commission. A few weeks later the nest contained eggs. By now the two birds that built it are almost certainly the proud parents of one to three eaglets. Gross won't say precisely where the nest is located, but he reveals with a kind of hometown pride that it's along the Delaware River—"a couple of flaps and a glide away from the stadium where the Philadelphia Eagles play football."

Stories such as this are becoming downright common, even if they all aren't so poetic. On April 2, the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service announced that two bald-eagle chicks had hatched unaided by humans on Catalina Island, off the coast of California, for the first time in recent memory. Around the country, aerial surveys are counting more bald eagles than ever before. Official totals for 2007 aren't available yet, but the Fish & Wildlife Service anticipates a population of more than 9,000 nesting pairs in the lower 48 states. At least one pair lives in every state except Hawaii, where the bird is not native. "In Virginia, we've produced more chicks in the past five years than in the previous 25," says Bryan D. Watts of the Center for Conservation Biology, based in Williamsburg. "Bald eagles have tremendous momentum right now."

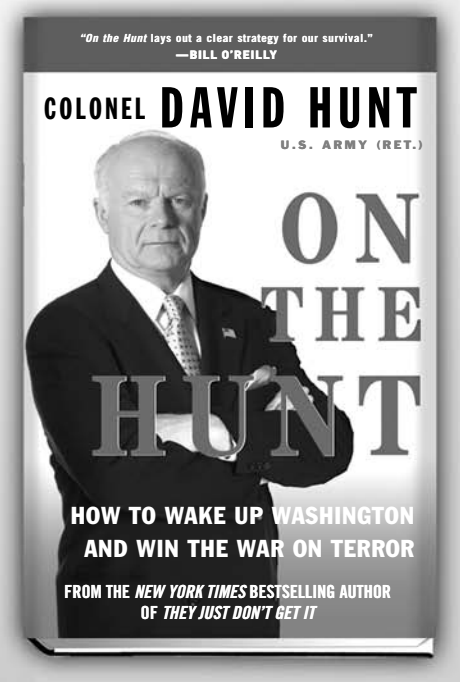
This surge all but guarantees that the bald eagle will fly off the endangered-species list, where it has roosted for decades, within a few months. Bald eagles are by no means the only animals making impressive recoveries. In March, the Fish & Wildlife Service removed the Yellowstone grizzly bear from the endangered list. Gray wolves in the Great Lakes region came off in January and packs in the Rockies may join them soon.

Yet no other animal carries the patriotic punch of the bald eagle, which has served as the poster species of endangerment since the 1960s. At a time when gloomy greens would prefer to complain about planetary fever and the plight of the polar bear, the eagle's amazing comeback demonstrates that environmental success stories are not only possible but actually happening. "It shows that we can make a difference," says Lynn Scarlett, deputy secretary of the Department of the Interior. "These are not lost causes."

In truth, reports of the bald eagle's near-extinction have been greatly exaggerated. The vast majority of the species lives in Alaska and Canada, where it has always flourished. Today, the Fish & Wildlife Service doesn't know how many bald eagles reside in Alaska because there are too many to count: More than 50,000 is a conservative estimate. The bird's listing as "endangered" or "threatened" has never applied outside the continental United States.

For most Americans during the 20th century, however, a bald eagle was a rare

Find out what it's *really* going to take to win the War on Terror.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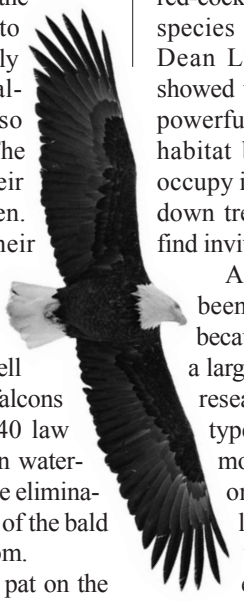
sight. Because of the bird's symbolic importance, its troubles became a pressing political issue. In 1940, Congress passed a law making it illegal to kill or abuse bald eagles. Ever since, shooting an eagle has been permissible only in golf. That restriction may have helped, but it hardly turned things around. By 1963, when the first reliable survey was conducted, birdwatchers counted only 417 nesting pairs in the lower 48 states. If the species wasn't as doomed as the dodo, it was on the brink of what biologists call extirpation—a localized extinction.

The culprit was the pesticide DDT. Although incredibly effective at wiping out mosquitoes, it had devastating aftereffects as it worked its way up the food chain from bug to fish to bird. Bald eagles weren't the only species harmed. Peregrine falcons and brown pelicans also suffered population crashes. The ingestion of DDT caused their egg shells to thin and weaken. Eggs cracked open before their time, leading to massive reproductive failure. The DDT ban in 1972 was the tipping point in the bald eagle's recovery (as well as the recoveries of peregrine falcons and brown pelicans). The 1940 law and a 1991 ban on lead shot in waterfowl hunting also helped, but the elimination of DDT is the sine qua non of the bald eagle's ongoing population boom.



Environmentalists deserve a pat on the back for this accomplishment. Yet it also places them in a conundrum, because their achievement rests almost entirely upon a singular act that took place 35 years ago. They've compensated by trying to give equal credit to the Endangered Species Act, passed in 1973, and its relentless expansion ever since to cover the likes of the snail darter and to impose aggressive land-use regulations. Nowadays, environmental activists often wildly overstate the importance of that law, as Brian Seasholes, an adjunct fellow of the National Center for Policy Analysis, documents in an unpublished monograph. Defenders of Wildlife president Rodger Schlickeisen, for instance, has argued that "but for the Endangered Species Act, [the bald eagle] would have been extinct." That's just plain wrong: Remember all of those birds in Alaska, essentially untouched by DDT. Yet this sloppy claim is made over and over again. It's on the website of the Sierra Club right now.

The Endangered Species Act may not have helped much in the lower 48 states, either. Under the 1940 law, the bald eagle already enjoyed many of the protections it supposedly gained from the ESA. Moreover, the ESA's habitat-protection rules possibly had a detrimental effect. "The problem with the ESA is that it punishes people for having an endangered species on their private land," says Randy Simmons of Utah State University. "They lose their property rights." This can lead to a phenomenon known as "preemptive habitat destruction." Using data on the red-cockaded woodpecker, an endangered species in North Carolina, economists Dean Lueck and Jeffrey A. Michael showed that private landowners gained a powerful incentive to destroy potential habitat before the woodpeckers could occupy it. "They were more likely to cut down trees that the woodpeckers might find inviting," says Lueck.

Although no similar studies have been done on bald eagles—mainly because they're a national species with a large range, and therefore difficult to research in such precise ways—this type of conflict may become common. More eagles means more nests on private land as well as more landowners who will question whether a species that has recovered so well deserves extraordinary habitat protections.

In 1999, the Clinton administration called for removing the bald eagle from the endangered-species list—a proposal that led to years of bureaucratic dawdling. The delays might have dragged on indefinitely but for the actions of Edmund Contoski, who hoped to fund his retirement by selling about seven acres of lakefront property in Minnesota. "I'm not married and don't have kids," says Contoski. "There's no one to take care of me in my old age. I need the money." As he prepared his property for sale and development, a nearby resident called attention to an eagle's nest in a tall pine tree. That brought everything to a screeching halt: Contoski's land was suddenly rendered unbuildable. "The bald eagle wasn't endangered anymore, but our laws still treated it that way," says Contoski. He contacted the Pacific Legal Foundation, which helped him file a lawsuit. Last August, a judge ordered the federal government to remove the bald eagle from the endangered-species list.

The deadline is June 29. When it passes, bald eagles won't receive any protections under the ESA—but that 1940 law will still apply. The Bald and Golden Eagle Protection Act makes it illegal not only to kill or harm eagles, but also to "disturb" them. The Department of the Interior is currently trying to define this term. Some liberal groups would prefer an incredibly broad meaning. "The simplest approach would be based upon whether an eagle reacts to an activity in a way that's typical of agitation, such as taking flight and issuing its high-pitched call," says Michael Bean of Environmental Defense. The actual rule almost certainly will be narrower than this suggestion, which could conceivably forbid trucks to drive too close to nesting sites. Most likely, "disturb" will mean an activity that interferes with breeding. Whatever the result, Bush-hating environmental groups almost certainly have drafted press releases that savage the administration for sending bald eagles to their doom.

The good news is that although greater numbers means greater contact with people, the species as a whole appears increasingly difficult to disturb. "They're much more tolerant of human activity than we had ever imagined before," says Tom Logan, a biologist in Florida, which is home to a large population of bald eagles. "They're moving into developed areas with houses all around. What's happening is that, as younger generations hatch, the birds are imprinting on an environment that includes more development. This is the evolution of tolerance." What's more, if individual states fear that federal protections aren't sufficiently hawkish, they can always pass more restrictive laws on their own—an approach that can account for local biological conditions and development pressures.

Maybe that's what Philadelphia will do for those birds along the Delaware River. It might even help the city live down the notorious legacy of Benjamin Franklin, the Founding Father who believed that America's national bird shouldn't be the bald eagle ("a bird of bad moral character") but the turkey. **NR**

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The "Root Cause" of the Middle East Turmoil

Would peace descend if the Arab-Israeli conflict were resolved?

There are many who are convinced that the existence of Israel and its "alien" presence in the predominantly Muslim Middle East is the "root cause" of the ongoing and never-ending violence in the area and of terror in the world. James Baker, the former secretary of state and head of the U.S. Iraq Study Group (no friend of Israel and of the Jews), also propagates this "root cause" theory of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

What are the facts?

Israel is a tiny country, with only six million inhabitants (a million of whom are Arabs). It is surrounded by 22 Arab countries, with 300 million people. Arab propaganda has convinced the world that Israel is the mighty Goliath compared to the puny Arab states. It is a supreme irony that six million Israelis, surrounded by implacable enemies who are fixated on their destruction, are considered a mortal danger to the Muslims and to the peace of the world. And that, if it were not for Israel and for the Jews, peace would descend upon the world and terror would cease.

> "…the lust for terror will not end until Arab-Muslims come to terms with the West and accept its predominant role."

Israel is not the "root cause" of this strife and turmoil in the Middle East. Violence and war are endemic in Arab society and in Arab history. Israel was not involved in the deaths of the millions who perished in the Iraq-Iran war. Israel certainly has nothing to do with the slaughter in Iraq, in which on an average day, 100 people or more are killed in the deadly and never-ending Sunni-Shiite conflict. And even though Israel is the common enemy, it has nothing to do with the daily killings between the rival factions of Palestinians. Arab-Muslims killed over a million of black Christians and animists in the Sudan and brought intolerable suffering to that impoverished region. The Sudanese government, dominated by Arab-Muslims, hasn't lifted a finger to help its citizens. The slaughter goes on. Israel is certainly not involved in that. The thousands whom Hafez Assad, the father of the current president of Syria, slaughtered in the city of Hama for having voiced opposition to his rule have no connection with Israel. Abdal Gamel Nasser, the self-appointed president of Egypt, mortal enemy of Israel and instigator of the Six-Day War, did not invade Yemen and gassed its people because of Israel. Saddam Hussein did not torture and kill tens of thousands of his own people and did not invade Kuwait because of Israel. The Lebanese did not stage their civil war and kill tens of thousands of their own people because of Israel. And there are many more examples of intra-Muslim and intra-Arab slaughter and mayhem. Israel was uninvolved in any of those.

And how about terror? Again, many believe that Israel is the "root cause" of the terror that Arab-Muslims have visited and continue to visit upon the world. The attack on our country on September 11, 2001, the destruction of the two U.S. embassies in West Africa, the bombing of trains in Spain, the murderous attacks on the London subway system, and so many other acts of cowardly terror would have taken place even if there were no Israel. They are a reflection of the hatred that the Muslim world harbors against the West and its institutions. That hatred has nothing to do with Israel. And many believe that if only the United States would withhold its support from Israel (and get out of Iraq), terror would cease and the world would no longer have to fear the scourge of suicide bombings, the devilish invention that Arab-Muslims have visited on the people of the earth. It is an illusion. That hatred would continue even if Israel would cease to exist tomorrow.

Many claim that Arab-Muslim terror is the result of despair, hopelessness and poverty. But that is patently absurd. The Arabs are some of the richest people in the world, although, instead of using their enormous wealth to benefit their people, they squander it in bizarre luxury excesses for a privileged few. The nineteen hijackers were not poor or desperate. They were, without exception, well-educated people, members of upper-middle class families. The leaders of such Arab-Muslim terror organizations as Hamas, Hezbollah or Islamic Jihad are educated people, from the upper reaches of their societies. No, terror is the customary response of Arab-Muslims to express their grievances. It is a result of their culture and of their history. It has nothing to do with Israel and would not be any different if Israel had never existed or would cease to exist.

The proclivity to war and to terror on the part of the Arab-Muslims has nothing or little to do with Israel. It is the result of their culture and of their history. For centuries, the historical Muslim empires of the Middle East were confident societies, which long led the despised Christian West in terms of science and economic well-being, as well as in military power. But then a lasting reversal and decline set in, in which the loss of Spain and the ascent of the West and its towering achievements in every human endeavor played a key role. This thirst for war against each other and against the hated infidels – foremost among them Americans and Israelis – and the lust for terror will not end until Arab-Muslims come to terms with the West and accept its predominant role. But that may take a very long time – in fact, it may never happen.

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■ ESSAY

Anti-Americanism, Ever with Us

Reflecting on a stubborn ideology

JAMES W. CEASER

TRAVELING last month across Iowa in his legendary "Straight Talk Express," Sen. John McCain took some time out from the presidential campaign to sweet-talk Europeans. In an interview with the *Sunday Telegraph*, McCain lamented the dismally low standing of America in Europe and promised, if elected, to make restoring America's reputation a "top priority."

One can only wish Senator McCain, or whoever else is elected president in 2008, Godspeed on this mission. We would certainly be better off if more people in Europe thought more highly of America. (Our standing there is currently lower than China's, and as many Europeans consider America a threat to world peace as feel that way about Iran.) No doubt part of being president is to deal with the "atmospherics" of our relations with other countries.

But a healthy measure of skepticism is in order. While trying to change European opinion of America is not exactly a fool's errand, neither should we expect much from the effort. Seeking to buy favor by concessions would be both unwise and futile. The plain fact is that the structure of thought known as anti-Americanism was forged long ago and has sunk its roots deeply into both popular and elite European opinion. This ideology has become vital to the functioning of European politics, and involves the passions, interests, and reputations of many people. To paraphrase the late Jean-François Revel, if you remove anti-Americanism, nothing remains of European thought today on either the left or the right.

True enough, the degree of anti-Americanism varies with the U.S. administration. Anti-Americanism has spiked under President Bush—it actually began its rise before 9/11—and has been greater under conservative presidents than under liberal ones. A similar surge took place a quarter century ago under President Reagan, who had the audacity to speak ill of Communism. Part of anti-Americanism is thus opposition to American conservatism. But the basic negative image of America persists no matter who holds the reins of power. Thus in 1992, under the moderate George H. W. Bush presidency, a group of intellectuals sought to halt the opening of Euro Disney outside Paris, which they labeled a "cultural Chernobyl . . . a construction of hardened chewing gum and idiotic folklore . . . for obese Americans." And it was during the 1990s, under President Clinton, that the French populist farmer José Bové began his attacks on McDonald's restaurants. Bové later joined the motley crew of protesters at the 1999 WTO meetings in Seattle to denounce globalization, known also as "Americanization." While many intellectuals in Europe applauded Clinton for doing his darnedest to challenge Americans' puritanical hang-ups (even as they secretly took him to task for his bad taste), their solidarity never signaled a cessation of anti-Americanism.

What are the causes of anti-Americanism? One of them surely relates to the primitive part of the human psyche that, in order to cope with our deepest fears, wants to believe that everything in the world is governed by a conscious and unitary force, not by accidents or multifarious causes. Disasters and tribulations are thus at least comprehensible, having come from a known source. It is not just in unenlightened corners of the world that conspiracy theories have flowered. Spectacular plots have captured the popular imagination in advanced parts of Europe. Many novels and studies have appeared there claiming that the American government brought down the Twin Towers in order to justify its subsequent military ventures. One such work, written by a former government minister in Germany, Andreas von Bülow, was a

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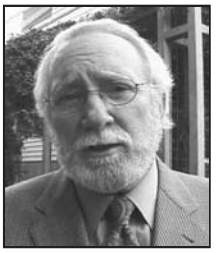
A riveting 12-minute documentary exposes what law enforcement officials really think about drug prohibition.



Chief Norm Stamper
Seattle Police Dept. (ret.)
"The Drug War has arguably been the single most devastating, dysfunctional social policy since slavery."

Lt. Jack Cole
New Jersey State Police (ret.)
12 years undercover narcotics
"Over a thousand young people went to jail as a direct result of what I did out there as one undercover agent...something I'm certainly not proud of today."

Capt. Peter Christ
Tonawanda NY Police Dept. (ret.)
"What happens when you arrest a drug dealer? Nothing. Nothing changes."

Minch Lewis
Auditor, City of Syracuse NY (ret.)
"If we really want to improve our urban neighborhoods, the single most important thing we could do is end the War On Drugs."

"Anyone concerned about the failure of our $69 billion-a-year War on Drugs should watch this 12-minute program. You will meet front line, ranking police officers who give us a devastating report on why it cannot work. It is a must-see for any journalist or public official dealing with this issue."

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Visit **www.leap.cc** to view this compelling 12-minute program.

LEAP (Law Enforcement Against Prohibition): A 5,000 member organization created to: (1) give voice to law enforcers who know the US War on Drugs is a failed policy and (2) support Legalized Regulation of drugs as an alternative that will lower the incidence of death, disease, crime and addiction while saving tax dollars.

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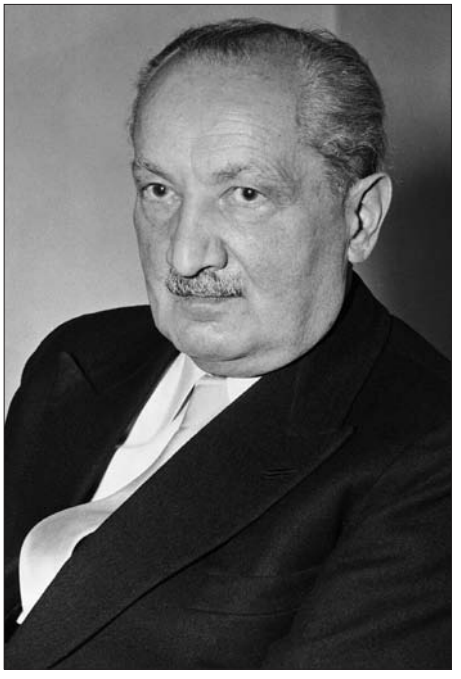
national bestseller. According to polls, a fifth of the population, and a third of those under 30, believe this strange theory.

A more specific cause of anti-Americanism is what Phillippe Roger has called a "stratification of negative discourses" about America that stretch all the way back to the 18th century. It was then that cutting-edge environmental science held that the climate of the New World caused a decline in all sentient beings there, so that Euro-Americans were weaker and less intelligent than Europeans. A little later, upon the discrediting of this far-fetched theory, European thinkers shifted ground and argued that it was not Americans' physical properties that made America so awful, but rather their low culture, brought on either by an excess of equality and commerce (this was the story of the Right) or by unbridled capitalism (the mantra of the Communist Left).

HEIDEGGER'S 'MONSTROUSNESS'

The greatest source of anti-Americanism, however, arose at the turn of the 20th century, when the terms "Americanism" and "Americanization" were coined to designate industrialization, modernization, and the assault of modernity on all traditional social arrangements and values. Martin Heidegger, the most important philosopher of the era, later elevated this critique to metaphysical status, defining "Americanism" as "the still unfolding and not yet full or completed essence of the emerging monstrousness of modern times." America represented, and was bringing to the world, a "dreary technological frenzy" and an "unrestricted organization of the average man." America was infecting Europe with commodification, homogenization, and the reduction of thought and culture to mere information.



The philosopher Heidegger: No fan of America, and utterly European

Such highbrow thinking seems removed from anything in real life until one recalls the successive campaigns that have been waged against American corporations and that rely on exactly these arguments. What Coca-Cola is said to have done to taste, Disney to children's imagination, and McDonald's to culinary habits, Google is now accused of doing to thought. A 258-page book just appeared in France under the title *Google-moi, La deuxième mission de l'Amérique* (*Google Me: The Second Mission of America*). The author, Barbara Cassin—a prominent philosopher—argues that once you enter Google's site and begin to click, you are immediately ushered into America's House of Being, where pure "information," in all of its banality, is destroying genuine "culture." (For further information about Mme. Cassin's book, readers may Google "cassin impérialisme américain.")

The success of anti-Americanism in identifying the United States with modernity is not surprising. America blazed the trail for many modern developments, and the size of its economy has allowed it to have an enormous impact on much of the world. And who would deny that many aspects of modernity are, just as Heidegger said, monstrous? Yet modernization was originally spawned in Europe, and would have occurred even without America. Linking all of its negative aspects to a single nation is uninformed, and has had the consequence of dividing the West against itself and rendering it less able to cope with common challenges.

Besides, Europe is hardly innocent of efforts to commodify and universalize, even in our own age. European firms launched the first attempt to establish a common idea of fashion for women and fragrances for men. Is it more destructive to the cultural diversity of mankind to influence what people eat than to dictate how they look and smell? And there can be no doubt that by far the most successful effort at homogenization belongs to Europe: In developing and exporting anti-Americanism, European intellectuals have created the world's first universal ideology. Next to this achievement, the efforts of McDonald's and Google look like the crude work of amateurs.

Ideologies are to rational thought what viruses are to health. Both adapt and mutate in order to continue to target their enemies. Despite earlier analyses that identified America with modernity, anti-American thinkers in our day have not hesitated to shift positions and, where it is convenient for them, claim just the opposite. America is too modern, they say, except where it is not modern enough. Most conspicuously, Americans have not all followed Europeans, as they should have, in the modernizing process of secularization. In this, as well as in worrying about the maintenance of traditional institutions such as marriage, Americans are increasingly atavistic. Shortly before his death, the French philosopher Jacques Derrida assailed America for having a religious culture that still countenances "a fundamentally biblical (and primarily Christian) . . . discourse of its political leaders." The world is caught between two fundamentalisms, he argued: one American and Christian, the other Islamic. Many Europeans follow Derrida in seeming to think that, by attacking religious belief in America, you also, in a shaman-like fashion, strike a blow at Islamic fundamentalism. Stick pins in George W. Bush and Osama will feel the pain.

CHARM WITHOUT IMPORTANCE

Another factor that has contributed to anti-Americanism is the enormous transformation of military and political power over the last century. On the eve of the First World War, the major European nations were the world's greatest military powers. But the effect of the two great wars was not only to exhaust these nations but also to show that the greatest military power now lay in America and the Soviet Union. Yet an accident of history worked to put Europe at the center of the world's interest as it became the strategic battleground between East and West. This kept American soldiers in Western Europe throughout the Cold War and allowed diplomats and journalists to make cities such as

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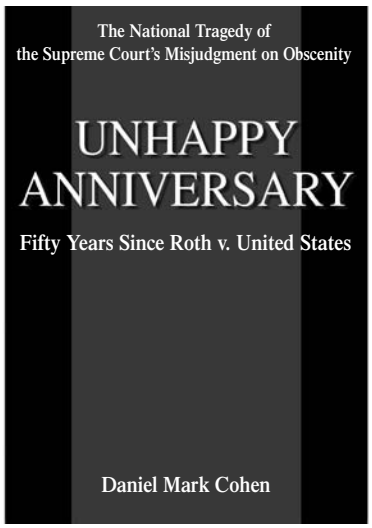
Congress Shall Make No Law...



In Unhappy Anniversary, *Daniel Mark Cohen hands down a devastating indictment of the United States Supreme Court for the immaculate failure of its obscenity jurisprudence and the consequent corruption of American children by Internet pornography.*

Cohen argues that contrary to the rule of American law, but as a matter of common sense, speech is properly defined in terms of words, and so pictures do not constitute a form of speech. Hence, pornography, while it may be shielded by other provisions of the Constitution, is not entitled to the supreme protection of the First Amendment.

At last, Unhappy Anniversary *constitutes an impassioned statement of advocacy for a forsaken constituency in this country: more than sixty million children who have been effectively abandoned by the United States Supreme Court and the American nation as a whole.*

When the Founding Fathers ratified the First Amendment, they chose to cast the free speech provision in figurative terms:

"Congress shall make no law . . .
abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

The same rule of law rendered literally is:

"Congress shall make no law . . .
abridging the freedom of [the spoken word],
or of the [printed word]."

Certainly, in adopting the First Amendment, the Founding Fathers did not mean:

"Congress shall make no law . . .
abridging the freedom to distribute photographic images of women and men engaged in acts of prostitution."

And yet, in effect, the latter proposition is precisely the rule of law established and upheld by the United States Supreme Court over the past five decades.

The First Amendment was conceived, composed, and ratified to protect *words*, the exclusive medium by which human beings translate political and social ideas into communicable language. That is to say, the word "speech" as used in the First Amendment is properly defined almost exclusively in terms of *words*. In contrast, *pictures* do not constitute a form of speech, although to the degree such images serve to advance political and social ideas, and so, appeal to a man's Reason, they are properly classified as a variant form of speech. The political cartoon, a unique hybrid of word and image, is the clearest example. But pornography, that is, photographic representations of women engaged in acts of prostitution, created to appeal, not to a man's Reason, but rather to excite and advance his sexual desire, is not a form of speech, and so, is not properly entitled to protection by the First Amendment.

"Without virtue, there can be no political liberty."
– John Adams

UNHAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Fifty Years Since Roth v. United States

The National Tragedy of the Supreme Court's Misjudgment on Obscenity

BY DANIEL MARK COHEN

$20.95 softcover $30.95 cloth 256 pages indexed endnotes

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Paris and Vienna their delightful bases of operations. With the collapse of the Soviet empire and the emergence of Europe as a zone of peace, all of this has changed. Europe retains its charm but has lost some of its strategic importance.

An argument could be made that, despite appearances, Europe is no less a strategic battleground today than it was during the Cold War. It is now the focal point in the struggle between the West and the new barbarian threat of Islamic fundamentalism. But not very many Europeans see the world in these terms: The European public thinks that Americans vastly exaggerate the threat of terrorism, and sees 9/11 as an isolated and faraway event, not the announcement of a major confrontation. It is no longer clear that there is anything left to the West, at least if the West includes America.

No one likes the kind of loss of power and status that Europeans have had to endure. It is a hard reckoning for peoples that commanded the summits of world influence for some 500 years. Even European intellectuals, who like to think of themselves as cosmopolitan, have chafed at their reduced status. Like the Greek philosophers after the Roman conquests, they look with disdain at the new power from the west. Americans, for their part, feel a bit abused. Thinking that they saved Europe at least three times in the last century, they ask: Where is the gratitude? They should be more realistic and understand that, where gratitude is felt, resentment can never be very far behind.

One final factor has contributed to the growing rift between Europe and America and added to anti-Americanism. It is the fact, difficult even to comprehend, that Europeans and Americans no longer live under, or look up to, the same kind of political "form." Of course, both Europe and America are democracies, but how and where democracy should take place is now a matter of disagreement. Europeans invented the nation-state, where a "people," however difficult that notion was to define, chose to live in common and establish a political order. Americans followed Europeans in adopting this political form. Near the end of *The Federalist*, Hamilton writes that "a nation without a national government is, in my view, an awful spectacle." The great change today is that Europeans, perhaps for understandable reasons, have abandoned the nation-state and begun a process of denationalization—but without knowing what alternative form will take its place. According to the French political theorist Pierre Manent, the ruling classes of Europe have become persuaded that the machinery of democracy must be separated from "any underlying conception of what it means to be a *people*." In adopting this view, they increasingly look at the American nation-state as something alien. Robert Kagan may have underestimated the differences when he declared a few years ago that "Americans are from Mars and Europeans are from Venus"; it looks more and more like the two are from different galaxies.

Which brings us back to Planet Earth and John McCain in Iowa. To his great credit, he seems to be giving very little away. He did commit himself to closing the prison camp in Guantánamo Bay and moving it to Fort Leavenworth in Kansas—a change that, for Europeans, will succeed only in making Leavenworth into Guantánamo—but this is a position McCain has favored for some time. He also promised to address another problem of deep concern to Europeans: "climate change and greenhouse-gas emissions." Now that's a fine exercise in atmospherics! **NR**

■ PERSONALITIES

Rudy as Prosecutor

The glorious career of a high-profile attorney

JENNIFER RUBIN

EVERYONE knows Rudolph Giuliani as "America's mayor"—but prior to that he was arguably "America's prosecutor" as well. He spent 13 years as an associate attorney general, Assistant U.S. Attorney, and U.S. Attorney, compiling a genuinely impressive record of accomplishment in fighting the mob and public corruption. He was aggressive and innovative; his record suggests not only that he, in the words of a former colleague, "has a stubborn conviction about what he believes," but also that he knows how to implement those convictions. Giuliani's prosecutorial experience is thus an unappreciated but important piece of the case for his candidacy: that he has the proven leadership skills to be president.

In 1970, Giuliani became an Assistant U.S. Attorney in the Southern District of New York. After serving as chief of the Narcotics Unit, he prosecuted highly publicized police-corruption cases. In 1974, Giuliani's courtroom skills became part of prosecutorial legend in former congressman Bertram Podell's bribery trial. As the *New York Times* later recounted: "After hours of Mr. Giuliani's grueling cross-examination, Mr. Podell—quite calm at the start—became so flustered that he poked out a lens of his glasses, requested a recess and then pleaded guilty."

After private practice in the 1970s, Giuliani returned to public life in the No. 3 job—associate attorney general—in the Reagan Department of Justice. He was in charge of the U.S. Attorneys and Marshals, drug enforcement, immigration, and prisons. He spearheaded several substantial initiatives in this period. When he arrived, he explained to senior officials that the most pressing issue facing them was the federal government's failure to tackle violent crime, which was largely related to narcotics. As part of his reinvigoration of federal drug prosecution, drug-enforcement funding substantially increased, and the Drug Enforcement Agency was placed under the FBI. He also greatly expanded the federal drug task forces that were coordinating the efforts of multiple agencies, and increased cooperation with state and local authorities.

Giuliani revised the FBI's "Levi Guidelines" that set rules for domestic-terrorism investigations. A then-young attorney named John Roberts explained that the existing rules were the subject of "compelling criticism" to the effect that they "unduly constrain

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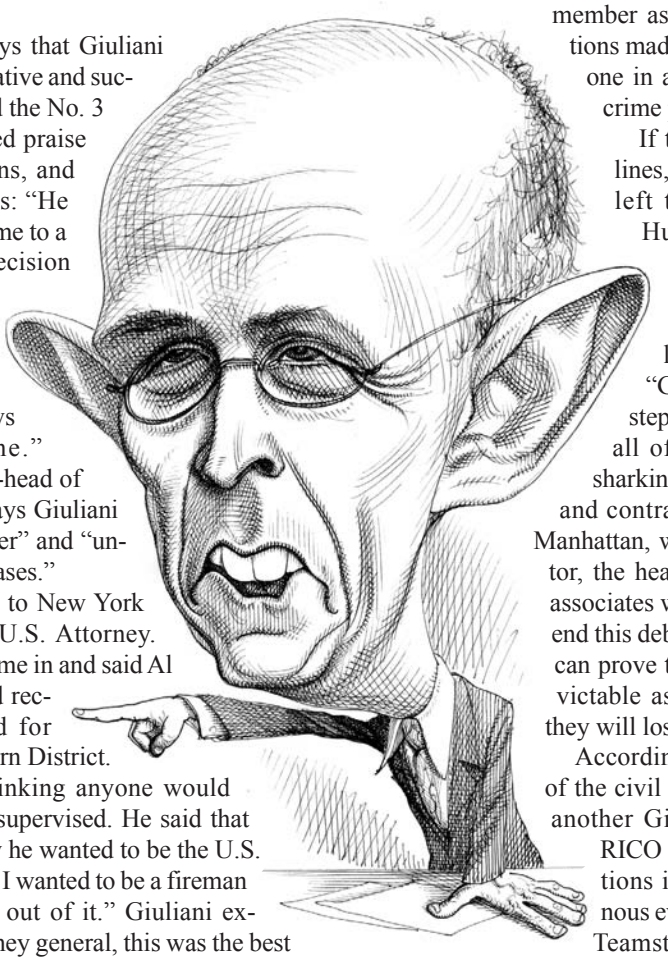
our ability to learn about truly subversive and dangerous individuals and groups in advance of violent activity." Attorney general William French Smith wrote in his memoirs that Giuliani's "careful and lengthy review" achieved the desired result: new security guidelines "designed to prevent abuses by government without preventing or discouraging government from combating the abuses perpetrated by terrorist groups."

As for his role in judicial nominations in this period, Giuliani has been careful to emphasize that he was the point man for nomination of U.S. Marshals and U.S. Attorneys, but not judges. Numerous senior officials who served with him confirm that in addition to daily senior-management meetings with the attorney general, which covered pending nominations, Giuliani attended the Tuesday meetings devoted to judicial selections and nominations. He would present his recommendations for U.S. Attorneys and Marshals but also offer his views on judges.

Did he share the administration's view that judges should eschew "making law from the bench"? Yes, according to his peers. "We were of one mind on this, that judicial nominees needed to be academically excellent and understand the role of judges," says Robert McConnell, who served as assistant attorney general for legislative affairs. Theodore Olson, then assistant attorney general for the Office of Legal Counsel and now with Giuliani's campaign, says he has discussed judicial selection with Giuliani for 25 years; he declares that he is "confident" that Giuliani adheres to the view that "it is important that appointees do judging and not lawmaking." Olson emphasizes: "I very much think he's got that."

In his memoirs, Smith says that Giuliani was "one of the most imaginative and successful persons" ever to hold the No. 3 position. Those I interviewed praise his ability to make decisions, and to lead. McConnell explains: "He would study an issue and come to a conclusion. He'd make a decision and then be willing to debate it and show his reasoning. He was almost enthusiastic to debate an issue. He would put his views and reasoning on the line." W. Bradford Reynolds, then-head of the Civil Rights Division, says Giuliani was "definitely a good lawyer" and "unafraid to take on the tough cases."

In 1983 Giuliani returned to New York as the Southern District's U.S. Attorney. McConnell recounts: "He came in and said Al D'Amato told him he would recommend he be nominated for U.S. Attorney for the Southern District. I said, 'So what?'—not thinking anyone would leave to take a job he now supervised. He said that ever since he was a little boy he wanted to be the U.S. Attorney in New York. I said I wanted to be a fireman when I was little but grew out of it." Giuliani explained that, other than attorney general, this was the best job a prosecutor could have. Many still consider it the premier U.S. Attorney's office, with some of the best lawyers and most interesting cases; it also enjoys significant independence from Washington.



ROMAN GENN

WELCOME BACK, COPPER

With approximately 130 attorneys working under him, Giuliani prosecuted groundbreaking Mafia and public-corruption cases, amassing a record of 4,152 convictions with only 25 reversals. But his pursuit of big securities-fraud convictions and small-time drug cases—and of publicity as well—raised hackles.

It was not so long ago that the Mafia held great power in New York, and removing it from the fabric of the city's life seemed a pipe dream. Giuliani set himself to the task. The RICO statute passed in 1970 allowed prosecutions aimed at membership in a crime organization rather than prosecutions for discrete acts, but the statute had not been widely used. According to Andrew McCarthy, who tried the 1985–87 Pizza Connection Mafia case, "Rudy was very innovative in use of the statute. Until then people hadn't known how tailor-made it was for organized crime." Others point to RICO cases prosecuted before Giuliani, but acknowledge that he brought unprecedented urgency and resources to bear.

In the Pizza Connection case—at 17 months, the longest federal criminal case in history—16 defendants were convicted. The case's sheer size and international scope, the use of a Mafia member as a witness, and the numerous convictions made this case extraordinary, but it was just one in a string of Giuliani's major organized-crime prosecutions.

If the Pizza Connection case made headlines, the 1985–86 Mafia Commission case left the mob a shell of its former self. Hundreds of hours of wiretap evidence were compiled over years to go after all five Mafia-family heads rather than just individual criminals or families. The *New York Times* explained: "Giuliani's brainstorm was to go the next step: Attack the board of directors guiding all of New York's Mafia families in loan sharking, drug trafficking, labor racketeering, and contract murder." In a single courtroom in Manhattan, with Michael Chertoff as lead prosecutor, the heads of the families plus many of their associates were convicted. Said Giuliani: "We can end this debate about whether the Mafia exists. We can prove that the Mafia is as touchable and convictable as anyone. And without their mystery, they will lose power."

According to Randy Mastro, then deputy chief of the civil division of the U.S. Attorney's office, another Giuliani "brain child" was using civil RICO statutes against the Mafia and organizations it had corrupted. Armed with voluminous evidence of the Mafia's infiltration of the Teamsters, Giuliani and Mastro prepared in

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1987 a pathbreaking civil action to place the Teamsters in receivership. Given the implications—they were essentially taking over one of the largest unions, and one that had endorsed President Reagan—the approval of the Justice Department (DOJ) was needed. Giuliani "passionately" argued in favor of bringing the action and keeping it in New York (the venue of ongoing Mafia criminal trials), but DOJ transferred it to Washington.

The case sat for a year, Giuliani continuing to press for its return to New York. In 1988, when every presidential candidate except George H. W. Bush had pledged not to sue the Teamsters, Giuliani succeeded in getting it sent back to New York; he also obtained an expedited trial schedule, which forced a settlement that empowered an "administrator" to remove the union's Mafia elements and, eventually, preside over democratic elections by union members.

Giuliani also used civil RICO against the notoriously Mafia-infested Fulton Fish Market, a snake pit of extortion and corruption. He gained only a partial victory: The court ordered an overseer to review the Mafia's control of the market's "unloading" operation—but the judge found insufficient evidence to place the Mafia-controlled union in receivership. (Giuliani's crusade to clean up the Market would continue until, as mayor, he was finally able to remove its Mafia elements.)

Again using RICO, Giuliani alleged that Friedman and three associates had turned the PVB into a criminal enterprise. Alan Dershowitz later argued that prosecutors had stretched the law like an "accordion," but Giuliani and his team responded that it would have been "unthinkable not to use" RICO statutes against this scheme of corruption. After Giuliani decided to try the case, he spent days in a room with his trial team mastering the details. The defense had been pushing to move the trial out of town over prosecutors' objections. Giuliani, who had clerked upstate, quickly realized a more conservative jury would benefit the prosecution and agreed to a trial in Connecticut.

In Giuliani's withering cross-examination of Friedman, "Rudy let Stanley be Stanley," according to Zornow. Under cross, Friedman admitted he had received a large payment to represent the taxi drivers' association in dealings with the city; he claimed it was a legitimate fee rather than a bribe. Giuliani said to Friedman, "That's $100,000 for two phone calls." His ego getting the better of him, Friedman haughtily replied, "That's one phone call, Mr. Giuliani." The jury convicted Friedman and three others.

Giuliani's very public persona created complaints that he was a media hound using his office as a stepping stone to mayor. Even prosecutors not entirely fond of him disagree.

CLEANING HOUSE

Giuliani also crusaded against public corruption, setting up a discrete unit and encouraging attorneys to respond to tips. Opportunity knocked when the FBI in Chicago uncovered a web of corruption emanating from New York's Parking Violations Bureau (PVB). It would become the biggest New York corruption scandal in generations. Investigation revealed that a web of bribery and kickbacks had turned the lucrative PVB into officials' personal piggy bank, and key witnesses were given immunity in exchange for testifying against Queens borough president Donald Manes (who would then commit suicide) and Bronx Democratic chieftain Stanley Friedman.

Giuliani left the Mafia Commission case to try Friedman personally. Some claim he saw a bigger publicity payoff; others say it was a more interesting job for a prosecutor to cross-examine live witnesses than tediously play wiretap recordings of Mafia figures. Those who worked on the case say that Giuliani—after having pushed it along to a quick trial date—realized that there were significant risks involved in the prosecution, and told his team, "I'll be there with you guys." The case was on the front page daily; David Zornow, one of its prosecutors, says simply, "This was the biggest case and it was natural for [Giuliani] to try it."

BROKEN-WINDOWS PROSECUTING

Evaluating Giuliani, Southern District prosecutors call him "a real lawyer" or "the real deal." They explain that he did actual lawyering, deciding strategy and delving into the minutiae when he tried a long case. They unanimously recount his considerable stamina, energy, and focus in working six-day weeks.

Not all the cases were big, and this was a sore point with some judges and attorneys. Traditionally, federal prosecutors handled drug-kingpin cases, leaving small dealers to local authorities. Expressing outrage that New York "drug supermarkets" operated with impunity, Giuliani responded with the "Federal Day" program: At unpredictable times, prosecutors coordinated street operations with DEA agents and local police to arrest and then prosecute street drug dealers.

Opinion was sharply divided on whether this was a wise use of federal resources. Many prosecutors supported Federal Day; Rhea Dignam, chief of the Narcotics Unit, recalls that Federal Day encouraged local law enforcement not to simply catch and release street criminals but to carefully assess their plea deals. Many prosecutors pointed to the benefit young attorneys received in learning to try cases. Critics, however, accused Giuliani of trying to boost his conviction statistics, and some prosecutors resented spending time on "petty" matters; some judges bemoaned the influx of small drug cases into their courtrooms.

Giuliani also turned his sights on public housing, where residents were plagued with drug dealers living in their midst. He came up with the idea of using federal forfeiture laws to seize the

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"tenancies" as drug-related assets. Using laws then in effect to "seize first and litigate later," they were able to remove dealers even before trial. When DEA agents raided public housing to evict dealers, the aggrieved neighbors who had endured years of violent criminal activity "would literally stand and cheer," according to attorneys involved.

On securities crimes, Giuliani's record is mixed. The Southern District did successfully prosecute Ivan Boesky and Michael Milken, but critics cite the notorious 1987 public arrests of three Wall Street traders as evidence of overzealousness: The charges against them were later withdrawn. (The oft-repeated account that all three were dragged, handcuffed, off the trading floor before TV cameras is incorrect, according to a senior attorney involved: Only one defendant who refused to go voluntarily with federal agents was handcuffed.) Although one later pled guilty on other charges and went to prison, Giuliani acknowledged in a *New York Times* interview that "I should have slowed it down and I should have found out how complex the case was."

Critics claim that his use of criminal statutes to prosecute trading behavior not previously considered criminal was "hyper-aggressive." But several prosecutors now in private practice say that, throughout history, it has occurred that certain types of criminal behavior are tolerated before they become the focus of prosecution; cases that once seemed novel come to be recognized as well within the mainstream of securities enforcement. Civil libertarians have criticized the "perp walks" for the accused traders; but prosecutors contend that this tactic had been used before, and is justified, because white-collar criminals should not be treated differently from other criminals.

Giuliani's very public persona created complaints that he was a media hound using his office as a stepping stone to mayor. Even prosecutors not entirely fond of him disagree, saying the publicity was a good thing for the U.S. Attorney's office, and helped educate the public and deter crimes. In Mafia and corruption cases, especially, the public and potential witnesses need to know that prosecutors are being effective. Moreover, the good press obtained by the office caught DOJ's eye and assisted the Southern District in getting funding, according to senior attorneys. Attorneys recall that the entire prosecution team would be present at post-conviction press conferences, and that Giuliani was "very good at giving credit."

Southern District attorneys overwhelmingly say Giuliani was a remarkable leader—inspiring and encouraging, going to bat for subordinates and imbuing the office with a sense of purpose. One veteran attorney explains: "There is a cheerleading aspect to the office of U.S. Attorney. You need to develop esprit de corps. He walked the halls and was a real motivator." Many say it was the most exciting time of their lives. Explaining this praise, Zornow says: "Working for [Giuliani] was working for a very energized person. He was a very, very good motivator. He was able to stake out big goals and motivate people to meet them. He got people to think of being part of an exciting enterprise."

Twenty years later, many attorneys describe Giuliani with great emotion. One says: "I'd march up the hill, down a hill, and into battle with him." Giuliani has to hope that, eventually, a lot of Republican primary voters will get a similar feeling. **NR**

■ **ESSAY II**

Contract and Covenant

In search of American identity

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that there is no more important or complex process in childhood than the formation of an answer to the question "Who am I?" It is a recurring question that is not settled once and for all. From infancy through adulthood and until the day we die, we are defining ourselves, and we are defining ourselves in relation to others. Beginning with our parents and family, the question of who I am is inseparable from the question of who *we* are. In the Christian understanding of things, the questioning will continue until the end of time—until, in the words of St. Paul, "we know even as we are known" (I Corinthians 13).

The question is that of *identity*, which is a very big word in our cultural, political, and psychological vocabularies. The word is from the Latin *idem*, meaning "the same." A standard dictionary definition of identity is "sameness of essential or generic character in different instances." As much as we might wish it were not so, sameness is defined by difference, like is defined by unlike. In the jargon of the social sciences, identity may be ascribed, inherited, elected, achieved, or constructed—or all of these in confused combination—but it is always and inevitably a process of differentiation. Identity, whether personal or communal, also excludes. We are *this* and not *that*.

Today there is lively and confused contention about national identity, racial identity, sexual identity, and sundry other identities that are frequently expressed in "identity politics." In this confusion the question of who we are *as Americans* runs up against the claim that there is no American identity but only a hodgepodge of identities in both complementarity and competition. There is, it is said, no American culture but only a mosaic of subcultures in which individuals elect to be who they want to be and therefore most truly are.

Who are we Americans? The question is as old as the European settlement of this continent, and the settlers took many stabs at answering it, especially in distinguishing the New World from the Old. Almost 200 years on, Tocqueville remains the master analyst of American identity. Fifty years before Tocqueville, Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur wrote in *Letters from an American Farmer*,

Fr. Neuhaus is the founder and editor in chief of *First Things*. **This essay was prepared for the 2007 Bradley Symposium addressing the topic "Who Are We Today? American Character and Identity in the 21st Century," to be held May 3, 2007, in Washington, D.C. For an invitation to the symposium, please contact Krista Shaffer at Krista@hudson.org.**

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"The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions. . . . This is an American."

Whatever else America is, America is new. Few politicians win elections by promising to preserve the status quo or restore the past. Conservatism, when successful, presents itself as the promise of the future, as in Ronald Reagan's "morning in America." The market economy is premised upon the anticipation of unrealized possibilities. The Great Seal of the United States speaks of the form of both government and society in declaring America to be a *novus ordo seclorum*—a new order for the ages. The oddity of American conservatism, as distinct from European conservatism, is that it reveres the past not in defense of an *ancien régime* but as the guide to the future. American identity is memory in the service of promise.

American identity defies the assumption that we must choose between the particular and the universal. With a confidence that can easily be mistaken as arrogance, and at times succumbs to arrogance, America understands itself as a particular in the service of the universal. From the founding of the constitutional order and, before that, from the Puritan "errand into the wilderness," America was viewed as an experiment on a universal stage, and experiments can either succeed or fail. In Lincoln's fine phrase, America is "an almost chosen people," a people abiding by a social contract premised upon a transcendent covenant.

Both contract and covenant are integral to American identity. We are a nation under law by constitutional contract—a contract presupposing covenantal accountability. To say that we are a nation "under God" is to speak of promise, but it is, at least as importantly, to speak of a nation under judgment. Thus is contract tied to covenantal aspiration and covenantal aspiration restrained by contractual agreement.

This dialectic, if you will, between contract and covenant is the distinctly American way of joining the particular and the universal. Contemporary multiculturalisms that would embrace every culture but our own dissolve the dialectic, reaching for an inclusiveness that, were they to have their way, would result in the exclusion of American identity. Like Esperanto, the supposedly universal language spoken only by a small band of sectaries, multiculturalism as conventionally promoted rejects the particular for the sake of the universal and ends up betraying both. Multiculturalism, like Esperanto, ends up as the monoculturalism of a very small culture.

THE STORY OF A PEOPLE

America, it has been said, is the first universal nation, meaning that it is not constituted by tribal, ethnic, religious, or other identities but rather by principles, and is open to all who embrace those principles. As with multiculturalism, there is a measure of truth in this claim. But it fails to appreciate adequately that the principles are embedded in a narrative. America is the story of a people—the people who are Americans and who aspire to become Americans. Samuel Huntington's recent book, *Who Are We? The Challenges to American National Identity*, has been largely ignored and, when not ignored, derided as an anti-immigrant or even nativist tract. This is, I believe, both unfair and unfortunate. While one may question some of his analyses and prescriptions (and I do), he poses hard and necessary questions to the claim that America is or can be a "universal nation" or even "a nation of immigrants" apart from the narrative of a particular people who joined contract and covenant in constituting this *novus ordo seclorum*.

That narrative of what might be called a contract within a covenant is nicely caught by Michael Novak in his 2001 book, *On Two Wings*, in which he displays the inseparability of religious faith and common sense in the American founding. (A particular merit of Novak's account is his underscoring of the fact that, in the founding, Christian cannot be understood except as Judeo-Christian.) There is an important distinction to be made between a Christian society and a Christian nation, the one referring to the people and the other to the polity. In our republican ordering of democratic government, however, there is the danger of that distinction's becoming a division which pits polity against people and people against polity, with the result that both the republican and the democratic character of this constitutional order are undone.

In a unanimous decision of 1892, the Supreme Court declared, "These, and many other matters which might be noticed, add a volume of unofficial declarations to the mass of organic utterances that this is a Christian nation." Needless to say, such a statement by the Supreme Court today would occasion puzzlement, controversy, and widespread outrage. It is not immediately evident why this should be the case. By the measurements available to researchers, an argument can be made that America is no less Christian, and is possibly more Christian, than it was in 1892. It is commonly said that we have become a much more religiously pluralistic society, but that is a claim—and, on the part of some, no doubt a wish—that is unsupported by the evidence.

The frequently visceral reaction to the idea of "Christian America" has several sources. Since the rise to political prominence of the so-called Religious Right in the late 1970s, frequently hysterical alarms have been raised, and have now reached a climax, against the looming threat of a "theocratic" dismantling of our constitutional order. While conservative Christian voices are frequently strident, the stridency should, I believe, be understood as an aggressive defense by a large part of the population that has been made to feel that they are strangers in their own land.

Although their insurgency was not initially sparked by the Supreme Court's imposition of an unlimited abortion license, *Roe* v. *Wade*'s exercise of "raw judicial power" (as Justice Byron White called it) has turned out to be the single most important factor in the realignment of public sentiment over the last half century that has resulted in what are aptly called the "culture wars." Support for laws protective of the unborn has in very large part driven hostility to the idea of Christian America. In second place as a cause of the culture wars, with a force that almost nobody anticipated 20 years ago, is the effort to "normalize" homosexual relations, focused in the controversy over same-sex marriage.

In a larger historical context, it has been argued that the bohemian and libertine agitations of the 1910s and 1920s were merely interrupted by the Great Depression, World War II, and the Baby Boom, and were then temporarily rerouted into the countercultural enthusiasms of the 1960s and 1970s, only to resume their direct assault on Christian America in more recent

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years. This is a suggestive argument and is not without heuristic value, but it perhaps partakes too much of historical determinism to be entirely convincing.

This is not to deny that hostility to the idea of Christian America has a historical lineage. One thinks, for instance, of "The Humanist Manifesto" of 1933 and its robust promotion of an ideology of secularism. It was signed by a wide and representative array of what today would be called "public intellectuals," led by the formidable John Dewey. This ideology was powerfully reinforced by a series of Supreme Court decisions on church-state questions, beginning in the late 1940s, that repudiated the idea of Christian America and declared the state to be neutral toward or, in the view of some, hostile to the religio-cultural identity of the American people. These developments and their consequences I have described in detail in *The Naked Public Square: Religion and Democracy in America*, and they have been insightfully analyzed from a legal perspective by, among others, Philip Hamburger in *Separation of Church and State*.

An unintended consequence of the torrent of literature warning against the threat of an impending theocracy may be an increased interest in the question of how America is and is not a Christian society, and what difference that may make. An additional reason for increased interest may be the realization, still slowly dawning on most Americans, that we are confronted by a militant Islam with no doubts that America is the Christian enemy, manipulated by a cabal of Jews. The Judeo-Christian factor in American identity is reinforced by the challenge of Islam, which believes it has displaced both Judaism and Christianity in the purposes of God, and by a violent jihadist ideology set upon forcing the submission of the world to Allah by any means necessary. Zev Chafets, an American-Israeli journalist, is among those who envision a rapprochement between American Jews and evangelical Christians, the latter of whom constitute by far the largest and most politically potent base of popular support for America's commitment to Israel.

A QUESTION FIT FOR POLITE COMPANY

Whatever the several reasons, the subject of Christian America—long ruled out of order in polite company—is receiving increased attention. Representative is an article in the current issue of *Political Science Quarterly* titled "Is America a Christian Nation?" The author, Hugh Heclo, previously of Harvard and now of George Mason University, writes, "The question being posed is politically provocative in our own times because we have reached a stage of contesting the fundamentals of knowing who we really are."

Like most thoughtful people addressing this subject, Heclo answers his title question in both the affirmative and the negative. Yes, demographically speaking, there is no doubt that America is a Christian society. But if one asks whether most Americans are morally guided by or doctrinally committed to Christianity, the answer is no. On the other hand: "America's political institutions (especially in a legal separation of church and state) and America's political ethos (especially in its moralizing, redemptive character) carry the imprint of the nation's Christian heritage, making America still today a derivatively 'sort of' Christian nation."

To which one might respond that a "sort of" Christian nation is all that might be expected in view of human sinfulness and the limitations of history. Revising Gibbon, it might be said that the Holy Roman Empire was sort of holy, sort of Roman, and sort of an empire, but there is no doubt that it understood itself to be Christian. Heclo relies, perhaps inevitably, on survey research, which is a notoriously unreliable instrument for discovering what people truly believe. Like other commentators, he is impressed by the fact that most Americans are reluctant to judge the religious beliefs of others and therefore concludes that they do not really believe the teachings of Christianity. This overlooks a general reluctance to talk to strangers about matters of ultimate concern, an American protocol of civility in declining to criticize other people's religion, and a very Christian observance of the command of Jesus to "judge not that you be not judged." I suspect that doctrinally the American people are a great deal more Christian than the sociological literature suggests.

Also like others, Heclo cites the prevalence of divorce and pornography, the trash of popular entertainment, and other factors as evidence that Americans are not seriously Christian, or not Christian at all. But morality is a dubious measure. In his classic 1970 work, *The Unheavenly City*, Edward Banfield notes that in early-18th-century Boston there were more brothels per capita than there probably are today, but nobody suggests that 18th-century Boston was not a Christian city. The pertinent fact is that Christianity majors in sin and forgiveness. A persistent problem in discussions of Christian America, both scholarly and popular, is the tendency to use "Christian" as both an honorific and a descriptive term. Except for those who make an idol of the nation and confuse America with the Church—and there are some who are prone to doing that—nobody contends that America *deserves* to be called a Christian nation.

There is truth in G. K. Chesterton's observation that America is a nation with the soul of a church, and further truth in the observation that, in the "almost" of almost-chosen peoplehood, Americans are aware of failing the covenant by which the nation is constituted. Conservative critics frequently fail to appreciate that expressions of "anti-Americanism" can sometimes be better understood as Americans' continuing the long tradition of the mourners' bench of American revivalism. The late Jeane Kirkpatrick was right about the "blame-America-first crowd." But it will not disappear; not only because some really do hate America, but because so many more believe America is called to be better. There is much to be said in favor of America's accepting the fact that it is a normal nation, simply a nation among nations—but that is a very un-American idea.

So we return to the question "Who are we?" America is a capitalist nation, an English-speaking nation, a democratic nation, a compassionate nation, a law-abiding nation, a rich nation. We are not any of those things without notable exceptions, but we are, in general, all of those things. And we are, among all the things we are, a nation constituted by a contract within the context of a covenant. That covenant is the narrative of God's dealings with the People of Israel, a narrative borne through time by a society that is incorrigibly, however confusedly, Christian America. I do not say it should be that way. There are reasons to wish it were not that way. But it has been that way and will be that way until, which is very unlikely, the narrative is displaced by another. **NR**

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HELP!!!!

Please Consider

Fred Thompson, who can pass a test
Assembled by the base's best,
Could, like King Alfred, rally those
Displaying a disjointed nose.
His odor's sweet and, yes, there's time—
Great gobs of time; so shall we? I'm
About to break a lance for Fred.
At least the guy's accredited.

—W. H. von Dreele

"If I ever get my hands on that stupid motivational speaker! . . . "

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the long view

ROB LONG

Travels with Nancy

FROM CHAPTER 3, PAGE 45:

. . . just simply the plumpest, sweetest dates I had ever had. Seriously. Just delicious. If you go to Damascus and don't get these dates, then you haven't really been to Damascus. I turned to my interpreter, Said, and asked him to translate for me. "Mr. Assad," I said, "these dates are delicious! You are quite a host!" And after a moment of translation, President Assad's response was: "Yes, they are excellent dates. They come from Lebanon. I liked them so much, I assassinated the leader of that country and installed a puppet." Which, quite frankly, I thought was an odd joke to make, but then, this is the Middle East, and these are people with a different culture from ours, and it's only natural that they're going to laugh at different things. "Mr. President," I said, "as you know, I come in peace. I believe in peace. And I know you do, too." And he laughed. "What are you laughing about?" I asked. "I am laughing at the little lady with the headscarf," he said, which, once again, was an odd kind of remark, but he seemed so genuine and so . . . I don't know . . . decent, that I started to laugh too. Soon, we were both laughing together. And I truly believe that once you've laughed with someone, you've begun to achieve a kind of peace.

FROM CHAPTER 5, PAGE 210:

. . . fun and sexy and handsome and not really all that fearsome when you get right down to it. "Hugo Chávez," I said at one point, "you don't fool me! You want peace and prosperity and good feelings between our countries just as much as I do!" And he shrugged kind of sheepishly. "So let's make that happen," I said. "You write down everything you want, and I'll be sure to take it back home and show it to the president . . ."

FROM CHAPTER 12, PAGE 340:

. . . held his open hand against my face, and gazed into my eyes. He held it there for a moment. I whispered, "Kim." And he answered, "Nancy Pelosi," but he had trouble with the "Pelosi" part because some of those consonants don't really appear in Korean, so it kind of came out sounding more like "Perosir." Still, it was a very moving greeting, mostly because against the splendid backdrop of the capital city of Pyongyang, our greeting was more than a greeting of two world leaders. We both knew that this moment was a unique one for both of our countries.

"I come in peace," I said to him. "I come to start—or, should I say, restart—a dialogue between our two peoples. The road to peace goes right through Pyongyang."

Kim nodded sagely. "Did you bring the ballpoint pens?"

I handed over several boxes, which he took eagerly. It was a good feeling to be able to bring something that was actually needed. So often on these trips, you end up giving stuff that nobody really wants—maps, rare books, etc.—but here I had the chance to bring something that I knew was going to get used.

"May these pens help to write a new history of the relationship between our two countries," I said, and Kim looked at me with a kind of wonderment in his eyes. It was a new experience, I know, for him to hear an American talk that way.

"Chairman Kim," I said, "I know that we've had a difficult road between our two countries, and over what? A nuclear reactor or two?"

"Six," said Kim.

"Who's counting?" I said. "So let's talk . . ."

FROM CHAPTER 15, PAGE 429:

. . . very, very hot there in the Tehran sunshine, with the heavy woolen burka covering most of my body and face. I was feeling pretty faint, though even as I slowly lost consciousness, it was clear to see that my visit had brought a kind of stability to the relations between Iran and the United States. "Must . . . have . . . peace . . .," I said, through the mesh fabric of my headdress, but it was difficult to get the attention of anyone else, as they were all officially supposed to ignore me. Before my head hit the pavement, though, I got the distinct impression that peace had been brokered . . .

FROM CHAPTER 22, PAGE 574:

. . . deep in the jungle—along the Orinoco River—where, apparently, he and Eva Braun have been living since they fled Berlin in 1945. And do you know what? He was just the most gracious and kindly gentleman—and "all there," which is hard to manage at his age (I think it's the vegetarian diet)—and for a few moments I was worried about what, exactly, we'd talk about. So many things to discuss, so many "taboo" subjects—I really worried that I'd come all that way to sit in silence. "I want to talk about world peace," he said, and my heart jumped. "I'm so happy to hear you say that!" I shouted. "Because I really feel you have a lot to contribute . . ."

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the bent pin

FLORENCE KING

FDR, Gladys Cooper, and All That

SPEECHIFYING politicians have always raised hosannas to "our children," but in the last few years something new has been added. Now they say "our children and grandchildren." They make such a point of this that you would think someone was holding a gun to their heads.

Someone is. The addition cropped up when aging Baby Boomers started becoming grandparents and wanted this great feat officially recognized as yet another unique contribution of their fabulous generation. Captives of their own gargantuan narcissism, they firmly believe they are the first generation to get old in new, trend-setting ways, which is why ads for financial planning show them on beaches tossing dictionaries away in the sand because they contain unflattering synonyms for "retirement."

Boomer Nation will brook no competition. Their allies in the media and the social sciences—i.e., themselves—have seen to it that post-Boomer generations are deprived of catchy names, giving them unimaginative file-folder abbreviations like Gen X and Gen Y so they won't get any fancy ideas about being a Generation. As for people born in the low-birthrate Depression decade that immediately preceded the Boomers, we have nothing to fear but being portrayed as a day late and a dollar short.

Being born in the 1930s meant turning 30 in the 1960s when the Boomers were noisily proclaiming that nobody over 30 could be trusted. It meant being a member of the Marlboro Generation while Boomers smoked pot and a member of the Diaphragm Generation when Boomers went on the Pill. It meant turning 40 in the 1970s when Boomers announced that 40 was the new 30; having the menopause in the 1980s when feminist Boomers said menopause was irrelevant; taking out Social Security in the 1990s when Boomers said 60 was the new 50; and using a walker in the 00s when 70 feels like the new 90 and Boomers are throwing dictionaries all over the beach and braying "Realize your dream of starting a new business at 64!"

Nonetheless, I wouldn't trade my birthdate because the 1930s marked the real turning point in American life and I'm glad I was shaped by them.

Memories of quaint things that were more important than they looked . . .

There were few self-service grocery stores. You told the counterman what you wanted or gave him your list, and he climbed a ladder and got it for you. There was no cash register; he wrote the prices on the brown paper bag and added them up, then spun it around for your mother to check. Two people getting the same total *without a calculator*, and a four-year-old watching . . .

The first time the child noticed the milk bottle . . .

It was glass, topped with a dome containing a beige liquid darker than the white milk below. Every child asked why, and every mother replied, "The cream always rises to the top." Saying that to a child today would land you in rehab, where you would learn that the way to build self-esteem in children is to teach them to sing, to the tune of "Frère Jacques": "I'm terrific, I'm terrific! Look at me, look at me!"

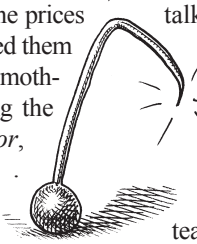
Drugs were sold in drugstores . . .

We were as innocent as Victorian ladies who used arsenic as a facial astringent, but like them we lived on the edge. You could buy paregoric over the counter if you signed the drug book. Mothers rubbed it on a teething baby's gums, giving a whole generation an early start on heroin. Had we known, we could have boiled it down for morphine but we thought morphine was just something doctors in movies gave to dying grandes dames like Maria Ouspenskaya ("She's comfortable now").

The 1930s had no "drugs" and no "addicts" because we were America's last Insensitive Generation—we said *dope fiends*. Like a little learning, a little sensitivity is a dangerous thing. Lay it on with a trowel as the Boomers have trained us to do and the square majority will relax and give us more of what we are trying to get less of.

A touch of class . . .

Living through the Golden Age of movies and seeing Fred Astaire in white tie on a regular basis, over and over in movie after movie, would stifle even the most cloddish proletarian instincts. It did just that; Americans, still a largely rural people, acquired polish at the movies. Despite the Depression, or more likely because of it, many movies of the 1930s were about rich people, played to perfection by casting-office aristocrats like Adolphe Menjou and Gladys Cooper. Audience members, most for the first time in their lives, saw how the privileged conducted themselves; how they dressed, talked, walked, sat, and of course, crossed their legs.



The most eager students of celluloid couth were teenage girls, for whom movies were a finishing school where they studied the finer points of how to serve tea, how to free a hand from a long white kid glove without taking it off, and how to answer the door like Myrna Loy ("*Do* come in"). Gradually an awareness of the way nice people did things sank in, until the concepts of *de rigueur* and *comme il faut* were understood even if the words were not.

The Hollywood of the 1930s taught America how to behave. Unfortunately, today's Hollywood is still doing it.

The best thing about being a 1930s baby . . .

We remember Franklin D. Roosevelt. All right, all right. I know some of you go berserk when I say things like this, but it's not about politics. It's about the psychological benefit of stability. When he was first elected in 1932, my parents had not even met, yet he was still president when I was nine.

Now, as soon as a president is reelected he is called a lame duck, his opposition starts talking about impeachment, and pollsters keep asking us if we hate him. This is what future generations will remember, so who is luckier: 1930s babies or "our children and grandchildren"? **NR**

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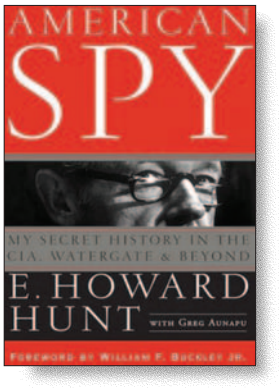
His Long War



American Spy: My Secret History in the CIA, Watergate, and Beyond, by E. Howard Hunt with Greg Aunapu (Wiley, 352 pp., $25.95)

MARK RIEBLING

THOUGH espionage is supposed to be thrilling, CIA memoirs are often boring. Usually written decades after the fact, always sanitized by government censors, the typical "autospyography" has the vague, approximate effect of a police sketch drawn from the memory of a traumatized witness.

American Spy is, by happy contrast, the fiercely remembered life of the CIA's Forrest Gump.

E. Howard Hunt was a genial, incompetent genius who happened into many of the major secret operations of his time. If Robert DeNiro had really wanted to tell the story of the CIA in his recent film *The Good Shepherd*, he would have modeled his hero not on the composite who became Matt Damon's Edward Wilson, but on the more tragic and representative figure of Howard Hunt.

Mr. Riebling is the author of *Wedge: From Pearl Harbor to 9/11—How the Secret War Between the FBI and CIA Has Endangered National Security*.

Fully half the book is devoted to Watergate and its aftermath. That is appropriate, not only because Hunt helped plan the burglaries there, but because post-Watergate reforms of U.S. intelligence have restricted the means by which we may know our enemies. But Hunt's well-known role in that scandal is not the soul of this book. The beating heart of *American Spy* is the Cold War; or, more exactly, the moral continuity between the Cold War and World War II.

This continuity was described by FBI deputy director William Sullivan, who ran domestic spying during the Cold War: "When a soldier in the field shot down an enemy, he did not ask himself is this legal or lawful, is it ethical? It was what he was expected to do as a soldier. . . . We never freed ourselves from that psychology that we were indoctrinated with, right after Pearl Harbor, you see."

Every sentence in this book vibrates to that iron string. "Anything I may have done," Hunt said at his trial on Watergate-related charges, "I did for what I believed to be in the best interests of my country." In fact, Hunt believed that America itself had taught and told him to burglarize the Democratic headquarters. "I cannot escape feeling," he testified to the Senate in 1973, "that the country I have served for my entire life and which directed me to carry out the Watergate entry is punishing me for doing the very things it trained and directed me to do."

The "country," of course, was not the men who directed Hunt to plan the burglary, but the ideals Hunt betrayed in planning it. Just how Hunt's moral compass malfunctioned—with such dreadful consequences to him, to the Agency he served, and to the country he loved—is the story he sets out to tell us in *American Spy*. In March 1943, Army private Hunt is chafing at the easy life in Orlando, Fla., when he hears whispers about a mysterious unit, the Office of Strategic Services.

Through his lobbyist father, Hunt gets a meeting with OSS director William "Wild Bill" Donovan, who, at 67, still looks like a man you want next to you in a fight. Donovan taps him for a Pacific post. After tough training, Hunt makes the dangerous flight over the Himalayas into China, where he runs guns to guerrillas fighting the Japanese.

After the war, when OSS becomes CIA, Hunt quarterbacks covert operations in Latin America, Europe, and the Far East. But as political-action chief of the project to unseat Fidel Castro, Hunt never recovers, "psychologically or operationally," from the 1961 defeat of the CIA at the Bay of Pigs. Transferred into the agency's legally dodgy Domestic Operations Division, Hunt is writing spy novels under an assumed name when he meets Nixon aide Charles Colson (whom he calls the "spiritual ancestor to Karl Rove").

In 1971, Colson hires Hunt to spy on Nixon's enemies. Hunt teams with an eccentric former FBI agent, G. Gordon Liddy, and hires anti-Castro Cubans with long CIA resumes to do the dirty work. On June 17, 1972, D.C. police catch Hunt's operatives breaking into the Democratic headquarters at the Watergate.

In the ordeal that follows, Hunt loses nearly everything. His wife, Dorothy, dies in a plane crash. The White House abandons him. The press attacks him. His two eldest children disavow him. Even so, he remains a "good soldier," perjuring himself about White House links to Watergate until, realizing that Nixon is indifferent to his fate, he resolves to tell the truth.

The effect of turning against Nixon is almost magical, "flipping the stormy climate of animosity into balmy geniality." Publishers reissue Hunt's spy novels, and pay him to write more from prison.

Yet, when he walks free after 33 months in jail, Hunt is not free of Watergate. Conspiracy buffs accuse him not only of plotting JFK's death, but of himself being the spectral "second gunman." He wins a libel case, which only draws more attention to the charges.

Through it all, one blessing is visited on Hunt: a young Georgia divorcee, Laura, who writes him admiring letters while he's in jail. He marries her, has two new children, and lives to write this book.

Yet Hunt never answers the book's central dramatic question, namely: How could he have been so dumb? The flaw in the work is the flaw in the man. Hunt can't explain why he did the wrong thing, because he doesn't think he did anything wrong. "I have no regrets," he says on page 2. "If our Watergate team had found that the Democrats were indeed being financed by Communist enemies, then our

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criminal actions might have been judged heroic."

Still, Hunt's shortcomings aside, *American Spy* is the only autobiography I know of that convincingly conveys what it was like to be an American spy. The ten-page mini-drama of his spy training is alone worth the price of the book. With equal grace, Hunt conjures the glittering life of a spy under embassy cover and the war of ideas waged by the CIA's book-publishing program.

It helps that Hunt was an English major who wrote more than 70 spy novels. He has a gift for evocative prose. In one of the book's most affecting scenes, a gung-ho OSS navigator persuades the captain to strafe a Japanese stronghold. While the navigator fires his tommy gun, Hunt sees the mission's photographer and captain silhouetted in the open doorway:

> Just then a burst of flak rocked the plane. Blood spurted from the photographer's chest. He fell out of the doorway and pulled his ripcord. There was another spurt of flak; the captain took a bullet in the head, spun around, tried to catch the door frame, but fell out of the aircraft. . . . When we were out of enemy range, the navigator stalked aft with his weapon, chuckling. Then his face fell. . . . I could barely look at him, because I did think it was his fault.

Here was an early lesson: An "action-oriented" ally could really be an enemy. It was a lesson that Hunt himself forgot, three decades later, when he hooked up with G. Gordon Liddy.

His friendship with Liddy provides a clue to Hunt's fall. "Like common drinkers, Liddy and I became covert action co-dependents. My wife and daughter thought we acted like school kids together, one feeding off the other." Room 16 of the Executive Office Building became their secret, after-school tree-house. Playing hooky from their wives, Hunt and Liddy rolled up their sleeves, drank bad coffee, and thought up crazy ways to save the world. They showed bogus documents to a Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist, "proving" that JFK ordered the killing of Vietnamese president Ngo Dinh Diem. They tried to get syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, a thorn in the administration's side, "to ingest LSD through his skin from his steering wheel, so that he would crash his car."

Just what did the world need saving from, that Hunt could even think of doing such things? Though he never swivels his powers of insight fully on himself, his meditation on the Watergate worldview is the most trenchant I have read:

> The administration had been elected by a majority of voters, but the minority was trying to take power in a sort of slow-speed revolution, which had been fomenting over the last few years in campus uprisings, urban bombings, and mass marches. The counterculture government was also aided by elements in the media, clergy, scientists, and lawyers. . . . Added to that were moles such as [Pentagon Papers leaker Daniel] Ellsberg who were deeply entrenched in government, with access to classified information, who took it upon themselves as judge and jury to leak matters of national security. *In some ways, this was a mirror image of events, sans military, that the CIA had perpetuated in other countries such as Guatemala to effect regime change. Perhaps that's what seemed so frightening to the administration.* [Emphasis added.]

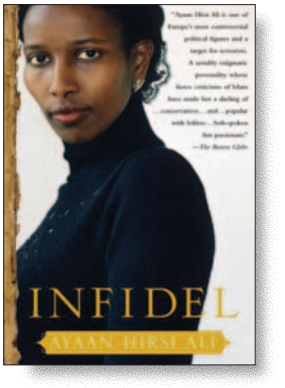
The book has its flaws. Hunt repeats himself (the Soviets were active in Montevideo, e.g., at pp. 95, 99, and 102). His advice in the book's last line—to re-empower "daring amateurs"—seems like a recipe for another Watergate.

Yet one of Hunt's main lines of thinking has merit. To him, the Cold War was not primarily a political struggle, but an intellectual one. That's why Hunt hired William F. Buckley Jr. into the CIA in 1951 to translate the memoir of a Peruvian ex-Maoist. Whether the media today are books or blogs, audio or video, human nature is the same. We are what we think. To change how people act, we must change what they believe.

"We shouldn't bomb Al Jazeera television," Hunt counsels. Instead, "we need to buy it—through a third party, of course. Then slowly and subtly change the news slant to deprogram all the negative brainwashing that has occurred."

If the wisdom of that plan is debatable, the need for inventive propaganda is clear. In the war against head-chopping ideas, we should remember one lesson that E. Howard Hunt did learn well, before he died on January 23. "When we were fighting Communism, the most useful weapons didn't explode—they had pages, a volume control, or a great personality. They still do." NR

Pilgrim's Progress



Infidel,
by Ayaan Hirsi Ali
(Free Press, 368 pp., $26)

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

If you have not heard of Ayaan Hirsi Ali, you haven't been paying attention, you haven't been reading your National Review, and you are probably unaware just how near Europe may be to serious sectarian disorder. You've also missed out on the remarkable story of how an obscure refugee from Somalia rose to become a leading figure in the fight against the oppression of Muslim women, and a prominent member of the Dutch parliament, only to be forced by fear for her safety to cross the Atlantic into what looks a lot like exile in America.

Now, thanks to the publication of *Infidel*, Hirsi Ali's beautifully written autobiography, you have the chance to catch up on this epic tale. It's a compelling enough read on its own terms, but it's valuable also for the revealing, and deeply troubling, light it sheds on our era of unprecedented migration, extraordinary social change, and profound cultural disruption.

Even from her earliest days Ayaan Hirsi Ali was swept up in these transformations. Indeed she is the product of

Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.

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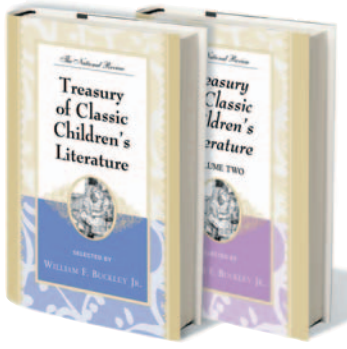

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them. Her father, Hirsi Magan, a son of a Somali warrior, succeeded in making his way from the Northern Desert to the Upper West Side, and a degree at Columbia University. A (relatively) enlightened man and a patriot, he then went home to help build a modern nation out of a ragtag mess of feuding clans. It was on his return to Mogadishu in the mid-1960s that he married the woman who was to become Hirsi Ali's mother. Less happily, he fell foul of Somalia's dictator, a Soviet-sponsored thug with a very different idea of what progress should mean. For Magan that meant jail, exile, and, ultimately, refuge in the harsh pieties of mosque and clan, pieties that were to devastate his relationship with the daughter who so hero-worshiped him.

When Magan vanished into jail, so did any notions of modernity he had brought into his family. When the future disappears, the past has a nasty habit of rushing right back in. Little Ayaan was left in the hands of a mother lost to increasing religious obsession, patriarchal custom, and growing psychological difficulty. Making matters still worse was the dominant presence of a grandmother immersed in the superstitions and bleak Hobbesian certainties of the sandy wilderness in which she had been raised. At one point, the young Ayaan is taken out into that same primordial desert. Not for the first, or the last, time, she finds herself caught between ancestral ways and her own tenuous connection with a more advanced way of life: "My grandmother's world wasn't our world. Her lectures only frightened me even more. Lions? Hyenas? I had never seen such creatures. We were city children, which to her nomad values made us more inept than lowly farmers or the ignoble blacksmith clans."

But the lectures weren't the worst of it: "My father was in jail and my mother was away for long periods, but Grandma would ensure that the old traditions would be respected in the old ways."

And so they were. Hirsi Ali then describes the ritual mutilation of her genitals ("female circumcision," some euphemists like to call it), a description so unflinching, so searing, so disgusting, that it's almost impossible to read. Ayaan was five at the time. The procedure ends with her brutalized, covered in blood, legs tied tightly together—it makes for a better scar, you know—as powerless in the face of barbarism as was her friend, doomed, unruly Theo van Gogh, when, decades later and a continent and a civilization away, another barbarian with another knife came calling for him too.

Hers is a crusade that has the potential to be unsettling for many of those (particularly on the U.S. right) who are now so pleased to support her.

Eventually, Ayaan's upbringing evolved into what could be seen as a jet-age version of her family's nomadic traditions, including stints in Saudi Arabia, Ethiopia, and Kenya. But if this did represent some sort of connection with the past, it was a connection that was fraying. She found herself repeatedly confronted by two competing visions of the world, one familiar, ancient, and oppressive, the other, still glimpsed only in outline, fresh, glittering, and brimming with opportunity.

But then, as so often, Ayaan Hirsi Ali did what few might have expected. While at a Muslim school in Kenya, she fell into the embrace of the fundamentalist Islam that lay at the heart of so much that was wrong with her life. Going much further than most of her contemporaries, she even chose to don that miserable, all-enveloping black robe: "All those girls with their little white headscarves were children, hypocrites. I was a star of God. When I spread out my hands I felt like I could fly."

But there was more to this enthusiasm than a severe case of false consciousness. Look closely, and that amazing, extraordinarily resilient ego of hers can be seen peeping out from under the darkness: "[The] huge black cloak . . . had a thrill to it, a sensuous feeling. It made me feel powerful: Underneath this screen lay a previously unsuspected, but potentially lethal, femininity. I was unique: Very few people walked about like that in those days in Nairobi. Weirdly, it made me feel like an individual. It sent out a message of superiority: I was the one true Muslim."

Submission? Not exactly.

It's impossible not to detect in these passages, in my view the most significant in the book, the key to the woman she finally became. There is that proud sense of self, there is the brutal honesty, and there is the obvious, compulsive pleasure she takes in absolutist belief and the feeling of moral superiority that comes with it. To grasp this is to understand why, once Ayaan Hirsi Ali arrived in the West (the story of how she managed this feat is well and movingly told in *Infidel*), she chose not the easy life that could, at last, have been hers, but instead embarked upon the crusade for which she is now famous, the crusade that cost Theo van Gogh his life and which has now driven her out of Holland.

But there should be no doubt that hers is a crusade that has the potential to be almost as unsettling for many of those (particularly on the U.S. right) who are now so pleased to support her as for those she opposes. While she may proclaim herself a defender of the Enlightenment, it's important to realize that Ayaan Hirsi Ali's Enlightenment is not the Anglo-American version—questioning, skeptical, agnostic, *reasonable*—but something far fiercer with more than a whiff of revolutionary France about it. The religious fervor of her Nairobi days has not evaporated; it has merely been transferred into the fixed, and no less irrational, certainty that there is no God. As for "moderate" Islam, there is, she insists, really no such thing. She's sure about that, as she's sure about everything.

Naturally, she thinks that we in the West are feeble, complacent, too "culturally sensitive," lulled by our secularism into forgetting the dangers of a religion of wrath. It's difficult to disagree. After 9/11, she told herself that she had "to wake these people up." That's you and me she's talking about, and waking us up is what she has been trying to do ever since. Her message may sometimes be too harsh, too black-and-white, but if it's making someone, anyone, pay attention to a problem that is not just going away, it will do some good.

And if you think that makes Ayaan Hirsi Ali sound like an ancient prophet, you're right. The irony, I suspect, would be lost on her. **NR**

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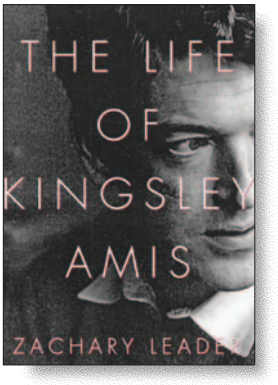
Wild Child



The Life of Kingsley Amis,
by Zachary Leader
(Pantheon, 1,008 pp., $39.95)

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

WHAT a dominant figure Kingsley Amis cut in postwar England. Elbowing his way past a lot of other writers who were busy saying nothing very much, he exploded onto the scene in 1954 with *Lucky Jim*, his first and most famous novel. Here was a traditional comedy of manners, but one that laughed at authority. Books that create scandal seem to relate somehow to social trends. The author and his fictional character soon merged into an archetype, the Angry Young Man. The country might be losing its empire and its identity; bomb sites and food rationing were still evidence of recent hardships; but down in the depths life was again stirring.

Amis was no respecter of persons, but neither was he a rebel. For him, exhibitionism had priority over social commentary. His many comedies of manners are similar, and rather restricted in range, because they are so many urgent dispatches from the war between the sexes, a war in which he often led the charge. He could never quite make up his mind whether men or women were perpetrators or victims of the many traps and betrayals in this war, nor could he say what victory might be like. He also wrote a lot of pretty good poetry, criticism and journalism, a James Bond pastiche, a futuristic account of Britain under Soviet rule, a book about language and another about Kipling, a memoir, and much else besides. The professionalism driving this output was all the more impressive because he would polish off a bottle of whisky a day and a variety of wines as well, spending most afternoons sleeping off lunchtime boozing, and going to bed drunk again every night. Those who knew him used to marvel that he could sit down to work soon after breakfast, apparently free from hangovers and with a liver that never acted up.

Those who knew him were also never quite sure where he might draw the line between entertainment and rudeness. Once I heard him shower expletives over a woman who told him that she didn't think much of his latest book. He improvised spoof advertisements, such as, "Wear terylene trousers, they come down quickest." On another occasion, I saw him do a sustained parody of one of those television programs when someone turns his back to the camera in order not to be identified, while complaining of victimization: "It's not my fault, I belong to a persecuted majority, you see I'm a f****** idiot." The *Daily Telegraph* gave a party on the night of the general election of 1974, which Labour was expected to win. When returns instead began to point to a Conservative victory, Amis stood on the table and did a flamenco among the plates and glasses, shouting, "Show the shaggers! Five more years without being put behind barbed wire!"

A biographer needs to explain how out of this whole carry-on, with its comic turns, deliberate provocations, mimicry, and wild attacks on any form of pretension, gradually emerged the Solitary Old Volcano that seemed the ultimate Amis persona, a sort of caricature of Evelyn Waugh adulterated with P. G. Wodehouse. An academic, Zachary Leader certainly traces what happened—but under the burden of over a thousand pages of detail laboriously heaped on detail, the tangential along with the relevant, the spirit of Amis makes a bow and escapes.

Amis was born in 1922, the only child of parents who lived in Norbury, a some-

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what nondescript suburb of outer London, and they were the kind of people who "knew their place," in an outdated expression they would have understood. Undoubtedly they spoiled the young Kingsley, but from them he absorbed the social codes and manners typical of most English people of their day. All such codes were to disappear in his lifetime, and he regretted the free-for-all that ensued in all areas of behavior and morals, even though he was taking advantage of it prodigiously. When eventually he received his knighthood from the Queen, he invited along to the ceremony at Buckingham Palace an old friend, insisting that she wear the hat and gloves recommended for so polite an occasion. "A real little boy from Norbury, this is," his friend then observed—putting her finger on the struggle within him between nostalgia and self-indulgence.

A natural winner of scholarships, Amis received a sound, old-fashioned education. He was just in time to serve in the war as a junior officer in the Signal Corps, in Normandy but well out of harm's way. The experience left little mark. In postwar Oxford, he slipped into the privileged classes, free to listen to jazz, to join the Communist party (branch secretary: Iris Murdoch), and above all to make the lasting friendship of Philip Larkin. Already a published writer, Larkin was a more complex character than Amis, sure of himself yet self-critical, sexually dissatisfied and a misogynist, indeed misanthropist, at heart. Leader previously edited the Larkin-Amis correspondence, another whopper well over a thousand pages, and he greatly relies on it here. The lavatory humor, cryptic abbreviations and remarks, mixed in with sexual innuendo and reports on work in progress, amount to an extended private joke. No British authors had ever written in this vein to each other. They were pioneers in the generation whose achievement, as the satirical novelist Mordecai Richler expressed it, was to put four-letter words on the page.

At some point in the 1950s, Robert Conquest began to exercise his influence on Amis and Larkin. Highly original, notably witty and inventive, he too was a published poet as well as one of the most authoritative Sovietologists in the world. Like Amis, he had once been a member of the Communist party. Musketeers as much as friends, these three behaved as though on a special anti-Communist and conservative mission. Intellectual London of course scorned them, but rather quietly, for fear of the lethal repartee that would come boomeranging back. It's no exaggeration to say that they shifted the climate of opinion. Quite aware of the value of publicity, Amis truly loved baiting lefties—defending the American position in Vietnam, then praising Reagan and Mrs. Thatcher—and verbally abusing the foreigners across the Channel.

To supplement the other sources, Leader ransacks Amis's writings in order to extrapolate from them a relationship to his life. This is a dubious proceeding at the best of times, though Amis's dispatches from the war of the sexes do have an air of reportage on his own conduct. What he liked was "fun," a favorite word. For most of his life, fun meant chasing any woman in sight, and this led to unwanted pregnancies, hasty marriage, abortions, broken hearts, depression, and suicide attempts, in short the whole bohemian epic of disaster. Leader proves how closely he sticks to modern biographical fashion by making essentially private matters the backbone of his book.

Amis's first wife was Hilly Bardwell, whom he met while still a student at Oxford, spending "nine hours a day sitting on my arse in my lodgings reading smelly books," as he wrote typically to Larkin. When Hilly became pregnant, Amis preferred marriage to an abortion; they were to have two sons, Philip and Martin (himself now a successful novelist and author of a memoir treating his father with understanding), and a daughter, Sally. In spite of writing a doctoral thesis that was rejected, Amis was among the first creative writers to find a safe roost in academia, first in redbrick Swansea, then Cambridge, and so to Princeton for what Leader describes as though it had been a year of orgy on a Roman emperor's scale. Once *Lucky Jim* had brought him fame and fortune he could afford to wave goodbye to all universities, in the process coining what has become a much-quoted truism about higher education in general, "More will mean worse."

Amis left Hilly for Elizabeth Jane Howard, a statuesque beauty and herself an accomplished novelist. For some years they lived, and even traveled, in the grand bohemian manner. Hilly meanwhile remarried twice. When Jane in her turn could take no more, and left, Amis returned to live as a lodger with Hilly and her then-husband. It was a desolate ending, with Amis relying more and more on wines and whisky amid a sycophantic circle in his club. Perhaps he had never succeeded in distinguishing between love and sexuality. Perhaps he hid his sensibilities, and perhaps he had no sensibilities to hide. Some people admired him, some felt pity, and plenty more—by no means all "shaggers"—thought he was a thoroughly selfish and nasty piece of work certain to bring misfortune on himself and any woman foolish enough to be taken in by him. Leader continually drops hints about Amis's anxieties and fears, panic attacks and "depersonalization"—whatever that might be—but not even a thousand pages have been enough to clear up the dark side of the real little Norbury boy. **NR**

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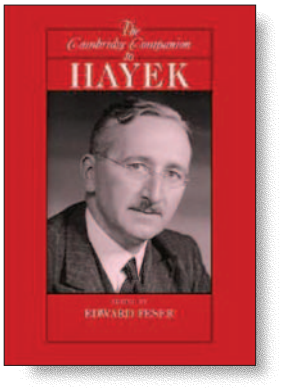
Repairing The Right



The Cambridge Companion to Hayek, edited by Edward Feser (Cambridge, 358 pp., $29.99)

S. T. KARNICK

THE central question in American politics today is whether the great coalition of the Right—the Reagan alliance between libertarians and traditionalist conservatives—can be put back together. It is tempting to see the Nobel Prize–winning economist Friedrich A. von Hayek (1899–1992) as a potential key figure in establishing a solid philosophical foundation for such a happy remarriage: Hayek, after all, wrote secular arguments for traditionalist policies and philosophy, and based them solidly on worldly evidence.

As Edward Feser observes in his introduction to the thoroughly informative and stimulating *Cambridge Companion to Hayek*, which he edited, "It is typical of New Right thinking to try to combine an emphasis on free markets, limited government, and individual liberty with the encouragement of personal moral restraint and respect for tradition and religion. Hayek's body of thought weaves these themes together systematically, regarding as it does both the deliverances of market competition and those of tradition as the byproducts of similar selection mechanisms." That should be enough, one might think; but it isn't, as the volume ultimately makes clear.

The book's chapters trace the evolution of Hayek's subject matter from his early days as an economist to his political, philosophical, and scientific writings of later years. Underneath the variety of subjects he tackled, Hayek's thinking retained a firm foundation: Feser writes that "a characteristically New Right combination of classical liberal economics and Burkean conservative social theory seems to have been his settled position, and by the end of his life, the label 'Burkean Whig' was the one he indicated best characterized his politics."

Contributor Robert Skidelsky points out that Hayek was no libertarian—he argued, for example, that the state should provide a social safety net. In another essay, Andrew Gamble writes: "The issue, [Hayek] always maintained, was not whether planning should be done or not, but whether it should be done centrally or divided among many individuals." His preference, of course, was the latter.

The book offers insights into Hayek's debates with John Maynard Keynes, and shows that the two had more in common than is generally recognized. Skidelsky notes that Keynes identified the intellectual foundations of Western civilization as "the Christian Ethic, the Scientific Spirit, and the Rule of Law," and cordially welcomed Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*, calling it "a grand book" in which he found himself "in deeply moved agreement"—though he did have some criticisms, maintaining (of course) that macroeconomic government intervention could be done well, which Hayek dogmatically denied. Skidelsky asserts that Keynes really wanted the same thing as Hayek: to defend Western, liberal values. Their big difference was over the amount of state intervention required for that good work. Moreover, as more than one contributor to the book observes, Hayek never really did say exactly where to draw the line between excessive laissez-faire and overly intrusive government.

He was completely victorious, however, in his criticism of socialism, beginning in the late 1930s. His argument was simple and devastating: In the words of contributor Bruce Caldwell, Hayek "argued that socialist planning could not accomplish the ends it set out for itself." A market economy, Hayek noted, incorporates an unimaginably large number of personal decisions based on an even greater number of individual preferences, and does so with amazing accuracy through the price mechanism. Even if it were possible for any group of people or machines to do the computations necessary to replace the price mechanism, the knowledge they would need—the individual preferences—does not exist outside the local context and thus is not available to planners.

Hayek can truly be said to have changed the world with his publication of *The Road to Serfdom* in 1944, just when the movement toward collectivism seemed inevitable. Contributor Anthony O'Hear praises that book's "combative spirit": "Hayek asserts that socialism means slavery and that even in the democratic West we are steadily moving in the direction of socialism." The good news Hayek found was that central planning wasn't necessary anyway. In the words of contributor Eric Mack: "A great deal of Hayek's message is simply that a well-ordered society exhibiting rational coor-

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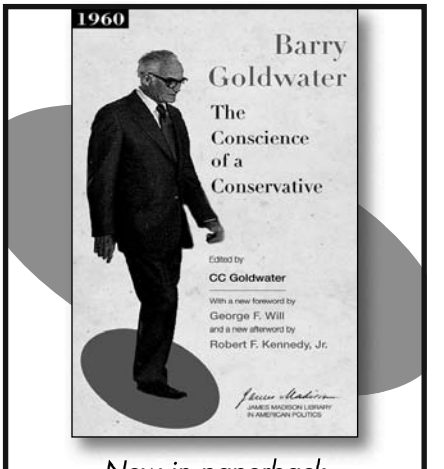

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dination among its members need not be a designed and commanded order. Freedom and the choices of free individuals can also be the source of rational coordination."

In *The Constitution of Liberty* (1960), Hayek sketched out how to preserve such a liberal social order. A central tenet is that legitimate government actions are those that adhere to the principle of equality before the law: Favoring individuals or groups would thus be forbidden. This makes individual liberty crucial. In addition, Hayek says, the government itself should be bound by the rule of law. Even within these strictures, he concedes, not all that is permissible will be wise; but the principles in themselves would definitely sweep away the kind of destructive economic planning that was common at the time.

Hayek was trying to posit classical liberalism as the alternative to modern statism. The political system he proposed is described by contributor Chandran Kukathas as an order "governed by abstract rules of just conduct." But Roger Scruton points out in another of the book's essays that abstract rules govern conduct without specifying the end to be achieved; and a liberal social order is possible, writes Kukathas, "only if there is widespread agreement on some values."

Which poses a problem for conservatives who look to Hayek for a way out of their current political and philosophical doldrums. Hayek places his trust in the organic growth of socially beneficial customs and tradition—but, as Scruton observes, traditions break down all the time, and "if those good things decay, then there is no way, according to Hayek, that legislation can replace them. For they arise spontaneously or not at all." Government cannot reverse the decay, and the foundations of the liberal social order and market economy continue to erode. What keeps a society together, writes Scruton, are bonds of "history, territory, language, and allegiance. . . . Only when this sense of membership is in place are people disposed to submit to a common rule of law and willing to place contractual obligations to strangers above tribal and family ties."

Excessive emphasis on the free and sovereign individual frays these bonds; the modern, heavily interventionist state undermines these traditions further. That, Scruton says, is why "spontaneous order . . . is a rare achievement" in human history—and why conservatism is essential to the maintenance of a liberal social order. One of conservatism's goals is "to give a coherent and humane account of the kind of pre-political membership that will sustain free institutions and a rule of law." This essential loyalty cannot "be costlessly replaced by relations of a purely contractual kind." Therefore, Scruton concludes, "liberalism is possible only under a conservative government."

Although Hayek has the right end in view, his means—a classical-liberal emphasis on limited government—is insufficient to get us there. In the end, Hayek's thinking is an important and even necessary element of the modern Right, but not a sufficient one. Where Hayek leaves off, other defenders of moral traditions and social bonds must step forward. **NR**

■ FILM ■

Creature Feature

ROSS DOUTHAT

How much overlap is there between the readership of this magazine and the intended audience for *Grindhouse*, Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino's double-feature homage to the low-budget schlock films of their youth? I'm not sure. The two 80-minute movies, one by each director, winkingly recreate the kind of down-at-the-heels moviegoing experience that's been more or less killed off by the multiplex and the video store. The result is a long in-joke for B-movie aficionados, complete with grainy footage, soundtracks that fade in and out, and big "Missing Reel" moments near the middle of each film. There are ads for fictional local

AT BENJAMIN POND

lines written before my friends brought me to the hospital for treatment of alcoholism

I sit on a bench beside the little pond
in the botanical gardens of Claremont. Surrounded by trees,
the pond reflects the trees and clouds and sky.
Turtles swim in the pond, and swarms of tadpoles,
blurring the mirrored world with quiet ripples.
Red-orange dragonflies are always here,
flying back and forth across the water.
Now the turtles are basking on a rock,
and then the ducks float out upon the water,
dipping their bills for the bread I throw to them.

Approaching a fateful crossroad in my life,
I'm amused to contemplate the tadpoles here.
I know they also have no way of knowing
all the enormous changes soon to happen.
They will lose their tails, but then grow lungs and legs,
and leave the water for another world,
the world they dimly sense, perhaps, above them,
the world of earth and trees, and sky and air.

And what is going to happen to me? I wonder.
The sky darkens, and then comes rain, comes thunder.

—MICHAEL CREAGAN

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restaurants filling the intermission, and trailers for imaginary exploitation films as well, with titles like *Machete* and *Werewolf Women of the SS*. And then there are the movies themselves: a zombie story from Rodriguez and a serial-killer flick from Tarantino, both of them raucous celebrations of speed, carnage, and pneumatic, a**-kicking babes.

Nothing much to see here, in other words, unless you're itching to get in touch with your inner 13-year-old (and I'm not saying I wasn't), or nostalgic for Times Square moviegoing circa 1977. Except that this is Quentin Tarantino, one of the most talented filmmakers of his generation, and so attention must be paid, if only to bear witness to the continued squander of a promising career.

Not too much attention, though, since that would only encourage him. Tarantino famously began his film-industry career at the very bottom of the food chain, toiling as a video-store clerk and devouring decades' worth of Hollywood detritus in his spare time, and in his early work—first as a screenwriter and then as the enfant-terrible director of *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*—he used his encyclopedic knowledge of lower-middlebrow Americana to elevate pulp archetypes and neglected genres into something close to art, complete with dialogue that captured our society's self-referential, pop-culture-saturated idiom as nobody had before.

But that was more than a decade ago. In the intervening years, Tarantino has at times seemed daunted by his early success, retreating into minor projects—co-writing the script for his friend Rodriguez's *From Dusk till Dawn*, guest-directing a sequence in his friend Rodriguez's *Sin City* (detect a pattern here?)—like an awkward teenager seeking the security of Dungeons and Dragons after an unexpected brush with adulthood. But he also seems to have drawn precisely the wrong lessons from his sudden metamorphosis from film geek into auteur. Having made his name by spinning pop-culture dross into gold, he's increasingly uninterested in discriminating between the two, like an omnivore who expects his guests to eat everything he serves without regard to how the dishes taste.

Thus Tarantino's only major work in the ten years since 1997's *Jackie Brown*—a misfire, but one that at least had adult ambitions—was the dreadful *Kill Bill*, a revenge epic so overstuffed and self-indulgent that it had to be broken up into *Kill Bill Vol. I* and *Kill Bill Vol. II*. The four-hour extravaganza was a film geek's paradise, all homages and shout-outs, crossing the spaghetti western with the martial-arts film and stirring in a few dozen other influences as well. It was also leaden, humorless, bloody, and bad, with performances as cardboard as the plot and dialogue that was flat by anyone's standards, and miserable by Tarantino's. The worst of it was that the whole thing was obviously made by a man who loves cinema to distraction, with every part carefully cast, every track on the score carefully chosen, every shot carefully considered. But all the references just went in circles, signifying nothing but themselves, and the project was an ugly, interminable testament to the limits of a love that can't discriminate.

After the *Kill Bill* botch, "Death Proof," Tarantino's half of *Grindhouse*, is actually something of a return to form. It's short and sweet and unpretentious, with sympathetic, skillfully drawn characters and dialogue that has the old Tarantino snap. Certainly it's in a different league from Rodriguez's half of the double bill, "Planet Terror," a strictly tongue-in-cheek splatterfest in which the zombie threat to Planet Earth is dispatched by the lissome Rose McGowan, playing a bodacious amputee with a machine gun for a prosthetic. Indeed, I would venture to say that "Death Proof" is the best movie that will ever be made on the subject of a stunt man (Kurt Russell, having a blast) who uses his "death-proof" automobile to stalk and kill women, before getting his comeuppance when he crosses paths, and cars, with the wrong group of girls.

But that's precisely what makes it such a waste. *Grindhouse* is the kind of project that Rodriguez was born for, since exploitation movies are basically the only thing he does well—as A. O. Scott put it recently, "not only does he like bad movies, he has a habit of making them too"—and there's no shame in recognizing your artistic level and sticking there. For Tarantino, though, it's a vacation from the films he ought to be making, and while every artist needs a holiday now and then, he's increasingly in danger of letting his vacation swallow his entire career. If *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction* were revelations, "Death Proof" feels more like a curiosity—which suggests that while the grindhouse may be a fun place to spend your adolescence, it's time for the Peter Pan of the film geeks to grow up. **NR**

DIMENSION FILMS

Rose McGowan in Grindhouse

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■ CITY DESK ■

The Human Strain

RICHARD BROOKHISER

A FRIEND has taken up acting in late middle age. She seems to have the makings of a real character actor, but voice class irks her. She expected to be tawked out of the speech patterns of her native Brooklyn; if she could attain the flexibility of the typical transplanted southerner, who can dial the diphthongs up and down at will, that would be useful. U for Mistress Quickly, Avenue U for pizza commercials. But she sees that mastering the art of voice projection will leave her normal speaking voice sounding phony as Hebrew National.

It has to be done. Singing in a shower sounds great, because you are effectively inside a milk bottle. Try it on a stage without a mike, Sanjaya, and you will be squawking like a subway announcement in 15 minutes. So posture, breathing, and the position of the roof of the mouth all have to go into the shop to be retooled. The result, however, is an actor's voice. You hear it in the city all the time, at every coffee-house counter or waiter's station; it cuts through ear wax. It is always leaning forward, and it has the paradoxical effect of making the speaker seem slightly dumber than he no doubt is, because the voice itself sounds slightly smarter than anyone is likely to be. Who wants to sound like that, in the silence of your lonely room? Who wants to be on, even when you're off? But such is the fate that awaits my friend.

Actors aren't the only city dwellers who take their dust and work it like God in Genesis 2. Four or five times a year I have a front-row seat for a famous string quartet. Over the years I have seen the hair of the performers grow white or vanish. Every year I have marveled at the contortions their instruments impose on them, the violins and the viola tucked under chins, the cello resting like a piece of gym equipment between the thighs. I feel cramped after a shortish plane flight, and typing a book gives my right thumb and elbow the willies. Suppose I were to fly coach for 50 years with a thesaurus on my clavicle? That's a lot of effort to play the Cavatina in Opus 130.

Dancers are another subspecies that must be made anew in every generation. The studio in which my wife takes gyrotonics instruction is also visited by two ballerinas. One is a blonde, the other a brunette. My wife calls them the tree-girls. She guesses they are still teenagers, and marvels at their length of limb. From her sturdy Russian-Jewish elevation, she asks her trainer, "If I work hard, will I be that tall?" "You're halfway there," the trainer answers encouragingly. Height is a gift of nature. Weight and carriage are acts of will. So is the appearance of a longer line that is created by dancing *en pointe*. When I was a child, I saw *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, in which Ingrid Bergman played a missionary who campaigned against foot binding in China. Come back, Ingrid, it still goes on. And for what? Assume the tree-girls are 17. They have been in training since they were children, but they will be washed up long before they can join the AARP. Wish them memories, for they will certainly have arthritis.

The iron maiden of would-be models is not the pointe shoe, but the platonic form of size zero. Since clothes hangers can't walk down a runway, we must create ambulatory clothes hangers. Feminists blame the patriarchy, and Focus on the Family would blame gay stylists if they cared about the fashion industry, but the doughtiest enemies of beautiful young women are their own minds, murmuring the siren song of unattainable perfection. When the most glorious physical specimen I ever knew, a waitress, told me she had gotten an agent and sent out pictures, but then added next week that she would have to lose ten pounds, I decided that fashion is a sickness and young women are hopeless—beliefs that are confirmed whenever the *New York Times* emits a fashion supplement the weight of a manhole cover, filled with pictures of obvious 13-year-olds dressed as Goth prostitutes or Restoration-era vampires.

The body magicians I am most familiar with are body builders. Look at an anatomy chart. See all those muscles? Would you like to see them on an actual person? Would it be easier if they were, say, four times bigger? It can be done. Through my trainer I know several amateur competitors, and one who got his pro card. Every doping scandal amuses them. What is the scandal? All athletes, they believe, take drugs; they alone have the grace to admit it. I close my ears when talk turns to pick-ups and rendezvous with "friends" just back from abroad. They can never buy a suit, unless it is bespoke. They monitor their diet like lab technicians; when they start carrying plastic containers of rice and grilled chicken along with their cell phones I know a show is coming. I also know it because their faces change, from Frans Hals to Edvard Munch. My trainer spoke for all of them when he gave his rationale: "You do what you gotta do."

The manufactured selves that surround us are all real selves, because each is what someone wanted to become.

My actress friend is uncomfortable with the prospect of a new voice, because it feels like a false self. But the manufactured selves that surround us are all real selves, because each is what someone wanted to become. If we left ourselves to nature, without the addition of desire and its twin unhappiness, we would be eating berries and being eaten by sabertooth tigers. Come to think of it, desire and unhappiness are natural, for us. Fare forward, voyagers. We shall not cease from exploration, and the end of all our exploring will be Vanessa Redgrave, Beethoven, Suzanne Farrell, Naomi Campbell, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Or you and me. **NR**

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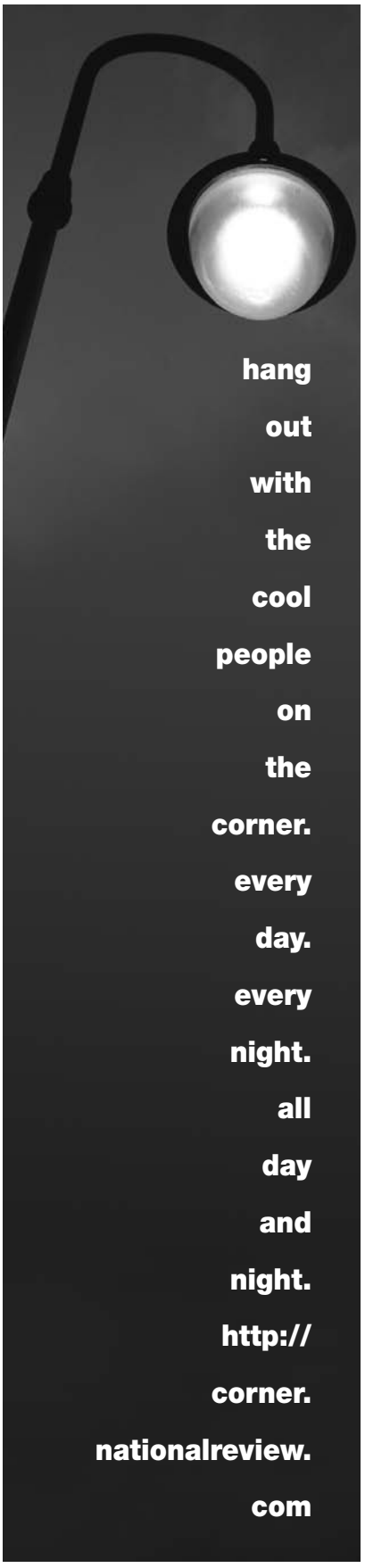

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

John Edwards Will Give You Free Health

NEW YORK, MARCH 27

THE word among professional Democrats is that John Edwards has set the stakes on the matter of health care, and no one who wants to be president can offer less than he is offering, which is—of course—guaranteed health. That is to say, guaranteed free health care.

Edwards's primary complaint is that 47 million Americans do not have health insurance. In a free society, one scans this datum in search of its component parts.

If health insurance were without cost, one assumes that everyone would have health insurance. A corollary of this is that everyone, in a society of allegedly free health care, would actually be paying the collective costs of health care. The political challenge lies in disguising the cost.

When a commodity is quantifiably measurable, yet universally available, like air, one can talk about its being "free." Health care, unlike air, can't be free, because doctors and nurses and drugs are not in infinite supply. So can we generate what amounts to a public subsidy by reducing the costs of health care?

To look that problem in the face, we search out relevant figures. One set reveals that the cost of health care for an American is twice what it is for a Western European. If in Germany it costs $100 per day per patient at a hospital, while a comparable hospital stay in the U.S. costs $200, one reaches for an explanation. Is it that American health care is twice as expensive because it is twice as comprehensive, twice as resourceful? Or is it simply that doctors and nurses and drugs cost twice as much in the U.S.?

In any case, how do we go about reducing these costs? Either you pass a law that doctors and nurses and drug companies have to slash the cost of their services and products by one-half—a proposal nowhere hinted at by Mr. Edwards—or else you need to reduce the number of people entitled to receive that health service. How do you do that?

Not by going in the direction proposed by Candidate Edwards, but by going in the opposite direction. His proposal is that more people should be covered. But if more people are insured, they will increase their consumption of health care, and therefore increase the total U.S. expenditure on health care.

But Mr. Edwards calls for something different—a fiscal frumpery by which the cost of health care is somehow dissipated. This is done by obscuring the agent by which health care is provided. It has frequently been noticed by social philosophers that from about 1943, when income taxes were first collected via withholding, the average worker has not thought of himself as being taxed—because the instrument by which the money is taken is so automatic as to be more or less invisible. When an American worker is hired at $700 per week, he reckons his income not at $700, but at $500, which is the size of his paycheck.

Edwards speaks grandly about health coverage for 47 million people who do not now have it. But unless there is a diminution in the cost of health services, they will be paid for by somebody. If it is so that the 47 million without insurance are the identical 47 million who are the nation's poorest, then it might be said that all we are engaging in is more redistribution. There is a case to be made for this, and indeed, redistribution has been accepted for years. The wealthiest 5 percent of Americans pay 54 percent of all taxes, which means they are paying taxes that would otherwise be paid by the 95 percent whose tax rates are lower.

Therefore, Mr. Edwards is doing nothing more than to call for increased taxes on the wealthy. They used to call that socialized medicine, when it was instituted by Great Britain after the war. It crossed the Atlantic into Canada, which is a tidy country in which to get sick, provided you can afford to travel across the border to an American doctor.

Naturalism

NEW YORK, MARCH 30

THE heavy condemnatory breathing on the subject of global warming outdoes anything since high moments of the Inquisition. A respectable columnist (Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times*) opened his essay last week by writing, "Sometimes you read something about this administration that's just so shameful it takes your breath away."

What asphyxiated this critic was the discovery that a White House official had edited "government climate reports to play up uncertainty of a human role in global warming." The correspondent advises that the culprit had been an oil-industry lobbyist before joining the administration, and on leaving it he took a job with ExxonMobil.

For those with addled reflexes, here is the story compressed: (1) Anyone who speaks discriminatingly about global warming is conspiring to belittle the threat. Such people end up (2) working for ExxonMobil, a perpetrator of the great threat the malefactor sought to distract us from.

In the current mood, I should enter the datum that my father was in the oil business. But having done that, I think it fair to ask: Are we invited to assume that anyone who works in a business that generates greenhouse gases (a) is complicit in the global-warming problem, and (b) should resign and seek work elsewhere?

Critics are correct in insisting that human enterprises have an effect on climate. What they cannot at this point do is specify exactly how great the damage is, nor how much relief would be effected by specific acts of natural propitiation.

The whole business is eerily religious in feel. Back in the 15th century, the question was: Do you believe in Christ? It was required in Spain by the Inquisition that the answer should be affirmative, leaving to one side subsidiary specifications.

It is required today to believe that carbon-dioxide emissions threaten the ecological balance. The assumption then is that inasmuch as a large proportion of the damage is man-made, man-made solutions are necessary. But it is easy to see, right away, that there is a problem in

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devising appropriate solutions, and in allocating responsibility for them.

To speak in very general terms, the U.S. is easily the principal offender, given our size and the intensity of our use of fossil-fuel energy. But even accepting the high per capita rate of consumption in the United States, we face the terrible inadequacy of ameliorative resources. If the USA were (we are dealing in hypotheses) to eliminate the use of oil or gas for power, would that forfeiture be decisive?

Well, no. It would produce about 23 percent global relief, and at a devastating cost to our economy.

As a practical matter, what have modern states undertaken with a view to diminishing greenhouse gases? The answer is: Not very much. What is being done gives off a kind of satisfaction, of the kind felt back then when prayers were recited as apostates were led to the stake. If you levied a 100 percent surtax on gasoline in the United States, you would certainly reduce the use of it, but the arbiter is there to say: What is a complementary sacrifice we can then expect from India and China? China will soon overtake the U.S. in the production of greenhouse gases.

At Kyoto, an effort was made 10 years ago to allocate proportional reductions nation by nation. The United States almost uniquely declined to subscribe to the protocols. Canada, Japan, and the countries of Western Europe subscribed, but some have already fallen short of their goals, and all of them are skeptical about the prospect of future scheduled reductions. It is estimated that if the U.S. had subscribed to Kyoto, it would have cost us $100 billion to $400 billion per year.

There is, now and then, offsetting good news. The next report from the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), we have learned, will be less pessimistic than earlier reports. It will predict, e.g., a sea-level increase of up to 23 inches by the end of the century, substantially better than earlier IPCC predictions of 29 inches—and light-years away from the 20 feet predicted by Al Gore.

Meanwhile, the Danish statistician Bjorn Lomborg said something outside the hearing of the outraged columnist. He noted solemnly that any increase in heat-related deaths should be balanced against the corresponding decrease in cold-related deaths. . . . We need hope, and self-confidence.

Scoop, Inc.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3

THERE are many outside the frontiers of active political life who are dazed by the aloofness of the political element. They (we) pick up the paper and learn that Mitt Romney is way ahead in GOP money raising—that, in this sense, he is the GOP complement of Hillary Clinton. The suggestion is that Barack Obama is slipping on the Democratic side, even as John McCain is slipping on the Republican side, for sudden want of cash. The whole situation tends to reinforce a sense of helplessness utterly alien to the finer workings of democratic government.

It is surely wrong to proceed from now until next February on the assumption that the money in the bank will tell the whole story, or at least as much of it as needs telling before the primaries begin. Whatever his politics, the voter can't help feeling that as an individual contributor he doesn't count for very much. Thus the headline in the *New York Times* was, "Romney Leads GOP in Money, Tapping Wall St. and Mormons." Such a formulation seems to be telling us: Unless you can mobilize a corporate or religious institution, you might as well sit around and wait fatalistically to see who the parties offer us on Election Day 2008.

For this reason one looks out for budding phenomena, capable of generating independent political strength. I note the birth of TheScoop08, a venture by students teeming with intelligent concern for the listlessness they propose to combat. They will use the instruments that are uniquely available to the very young. What they have is time and the capacity, before professional and family life absorbs them, to allocate prime attention, after their schoolwork is done, to matters of choice.

TheScoop08 is the undertaking of two young men. Andrew Mangino and Alexander Heffner are—brace yourselves—a sophomore in college and a junior in prep school! Tradition requires the use of an exclamation point, okay; but here tradition is superseded by genuine awe.

"TheScoop08, when it launches in August," Mangino and Heffner write, "will be the first-ever student publication focused exclusively on a presidential race." They continue: "The 2008 campaign is unprecedented in the interest it has spurred on campuses and in high schools across America. Young people are excited to move forward, and they are willing—perhaps for the first time in a while—to care."

Listen now to the character of TheScoop08's proposed agenda. "More than 50 aggressive and passionate student journalists representing nearly every state will each contribute regularly to TheScoop08 through Election Day 2008. For example, a reporter might be assigned to a particular candidate to cover in-depth ('Candidate Correspondent'), to a compelling issue ('Policy Correspondent'), or to an innovative beat (e.g., 'Democracy Correspondent,' who would trace this election's historical value in comparison to past contests, or 'Rhetoric Correspondent,' who would write features analyzing the candidates' words)."

TheScoop08 hopes to sponsor a pre-primary debate for the candidates, plus exclusive interviews, "as campaigns are searching for better ways of reaching millions of students at once." A look at the almanac reveals that, in the 2006 election, young people (defined as people aged 18–29) voted 61 percent Democratic, 39 percent Republican. In 2004 it was 54 percent Democratic, 45 Republican.

What especially attracts attention is the arrant boldness of the venture. At least Henry Luce and Briton Hadden waited until they were 23 to launch their revolution. And the idea is engrossing. A Rhetoric Correspondent to check every speech by Hillary Clinton or Mitt Romney, a Democracy Correspondent outside the door of Barack Obama, a Policy Correspondent listening in to Rudy Giuliani. All under the guidance of Scoop editors at high schools and colleges across the nation. For more details, go to www.thescoop08.com.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

"The chef will be so pleased!—He thought he'd never unload that meatloaf."

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happy warrior

MARK STEYN

The Method in Their Madness

On the day the Royal Navy's hostages were released, I chanced to be reading a poem from *Reflections on Islam*, a terrific collection of essays by George Jonas. The verse is by Nizar Qabbani, and it is his ode to the intifada:

> O mad people of Gaza,
> a thousand greetings to the mad
> The age of political reason
> has long departed
> so teach us madness

Or as the larky motto you used to find on the wall of the typing pool put it: YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE, BUT IT HELPS. For the madness of the intifada and the jihad and Islamist imperialism is calculated, and highly effective. There is, as Jonas sees it, method in their madness.

Do you remember that little difficulty a few months back over the Pope's indelicate quotation of Manuel II? Many Muslims were very upset about his speech (or his speech as reported on the BBC et al.), so they protested outside Westminster Cathedral in London demanding "capital punishment" for the Pope, and they issued a fatwa in Pakistan calling on Muslims to kill His Holiness, and they firebombed a Greek Orthodox church and an Anglican church in Nablus, and they murdered a nun in Somalia and a couple of Christians in Iraq. As Tasnim Aslam of the Foreign Ministry in Islamabad helpfully clarified, "Anyone who describes Islam as a religion as intolerant encourages violence." So don't say we're violent or we'll kill you. As I wrote in NATIONAL REVIEW at the time, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

But that's a debating-society line. Islam isn't interested in winning the debate, it's interested in winning the real fight—the clash of civilizations, the war, society, culture, the whole megilla. That's why it doesn't care about the inherent contradictions of the argument: In the Middle East early in 2002, I lost count of the number of Muslims I met who believed simultaneously (a) that 9/11 was pulled off by the Mossad and (b) that it was a great victory for Islam. Likewise, it's no stretch to feel affronted at the implication that you're violently irrational and to threaten to murder anyone who says so.

Western societies value logic because we value talk, and talks, and talking, on and on and on: That's pretty much all we do, to the point where, faced with any challenge from Darfur to the Iranian nuclear program, our objective is to reduce the issue to just something else to talk about interminably. But if you don't prize debate and you merely want to win, getting hung up on logic is only going to get in your way. Take the most devastating rapier wit you know—Oscar Wilde, Noel Coward—and put him on a late-night subway train up against a psycho with a baseball bat. The withering putdown, the devastating aphorism will avail him nought.

Twin psychoses continue their *valse macabre* on the brink of catastrophe.

The quality of your argument is important only if you want to win by persuasion. But it's irrelevant if you want to win by intimidation. I'm personally very happy to defend my columns in robust debate, but after five years I'm a bit bored by having to respond to Muslim groups' demands (in America) that I be fired and (in Canada) that I be brought before the totalitarian-lite kangaroo courts of the country's ghastly "human rights commissions." Publishers like hate mail; they're less keen on running up legal bills defending nuisance suits. So it's easier just to avoid the subject—as an Australian novelist recently discovered when his book on a, ah, certain topical theme was mysteriously canceled.

That's the advantage of madness as a strategy. If one party to the dispute forswears sanity, then the obligation is on the other to be sane for both of them. Thus, if a bunch of Iranian pirates kidnap some British seamen in Iraqi waters, it is the British whom the world calls on to show restraint and to defuse the situation. If an obscure Danish newspaper prints some offensive cartoons and in reaction Muslims murder people around the planet, well, that just shows we all need to be more sensitive about Islamophobia. But if Muslims blow up dozens of commuters on the London Underground and in reaction a minor talk-show host ventures some tentative remarks about whether Islam really is a religion of peace, well, that also shows we all need to be more sensitive about Islamophobia.

Do this long enough and eventually you'll achieve the exquisite sensitivity of the European Union's Monitoring Centre on Racism and Xenophobia. In 2003, their report on the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe found that "many anti-Semitic incidents were carried out by Muslim and pro-Palestinian groups," and so (according to the *Daily Telegraph*) a "political decision" was made not to publish it because of "fears that it would increase hostility towards Muslims."

Got that? The EU's principal "fear" about an actual ongoing epidemic of hate crimes against Jews is that it could hypothetically provoke an epidemic of hate crimes against Muslims.

And so the more the enemies of free society step on our feet, the more we tiptoe around. After the release of the Royal Navy hostages, the Right Reverend Tom Burns, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Armed Forces, praised the Iranians for their "forgiveness." "Over the past two weeks," said the bishop, "there has been a unity of purpose between Britain and Iran, whereby everyone has sought justice and forgiveness."

Really? In what alternative universe is that? Maybe the insanity is contagious. As the columnist Jack Kelly wrote, "The infidels Allah is about to destroy, he first makes mad." And so these twin psychoses—Islamist rage and our determination never to see it—continue their *valse macabre* on the brink of catastrophe. **NR**

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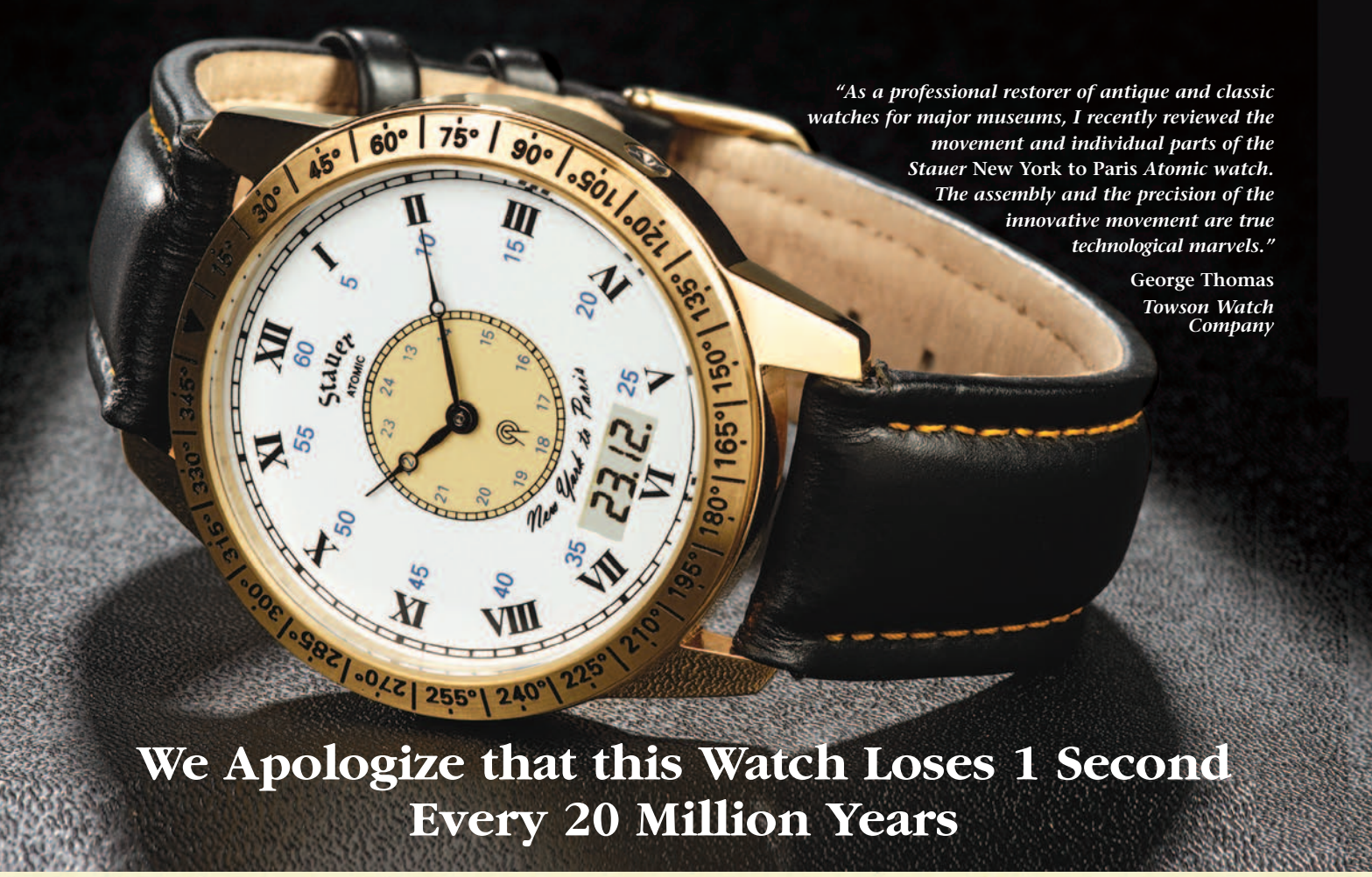

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